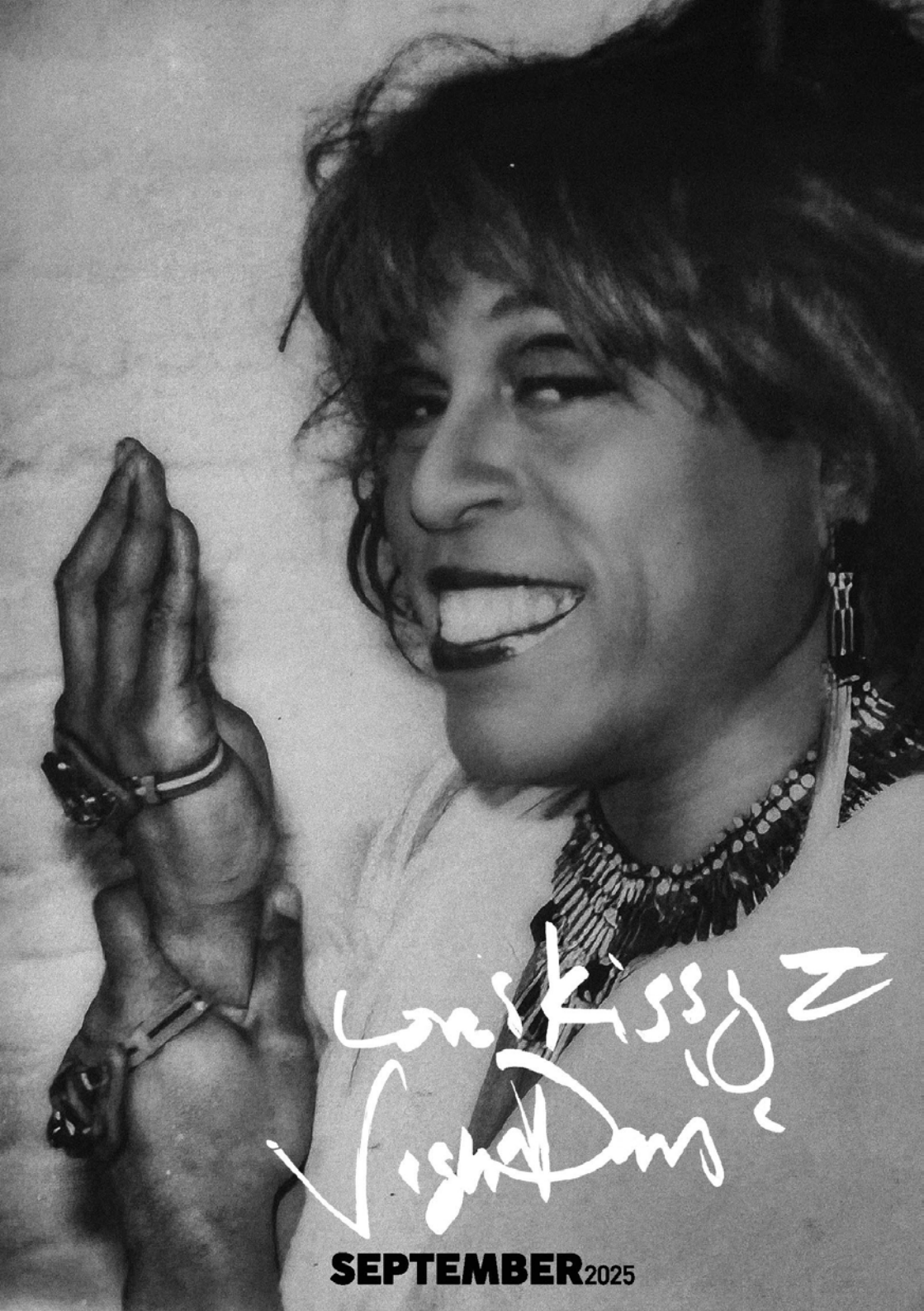

SEPTEMBER2025

The time has come to jump. To jump back into life. Go to events buy zines. Get off meta now! Join a mailing list. This zine is supported by bmerch.live
Long live the underground
No more Billionaires.
Stop the genocides!
Stop the military industry feed each other Now!

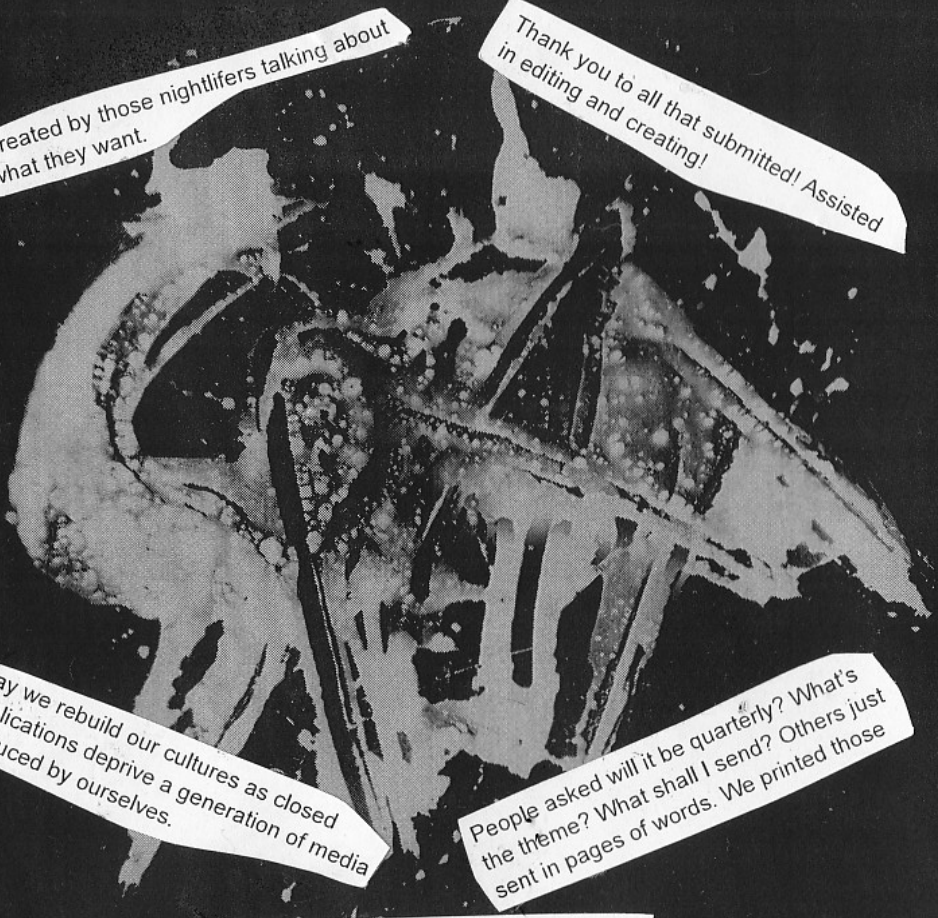
SPIT IT OUT!

May we always print - Sodomizing, Prostirtuning, Antifa, Trannies!

Welcome to *SPAT MAG* - a late night zine printed in Berlin!

Created by those nightlifers talking about what they want.

Thank you to all that submitted! Assisted in editing and creating!



May we rebuild our cultures as closed applications deprive a generation of media produced by ourselves.

People asked will it be quarterly? What's the theme? What shall I send? Others just sent in pages of words. We printed those words and collaged this zine! We know this is needed so it shall be printed as monthly as possible! Send in what you want to *submit@spatmag.net*

May *SPAT MAG* continue in the long legacy of scene building. Uplifting and critiquing so we become the best at what we do! Made by those of the late night. May we be like your SPÄTI; available, cheap and a start to a good night out!

COVER STAR VAGINAL DAVIS

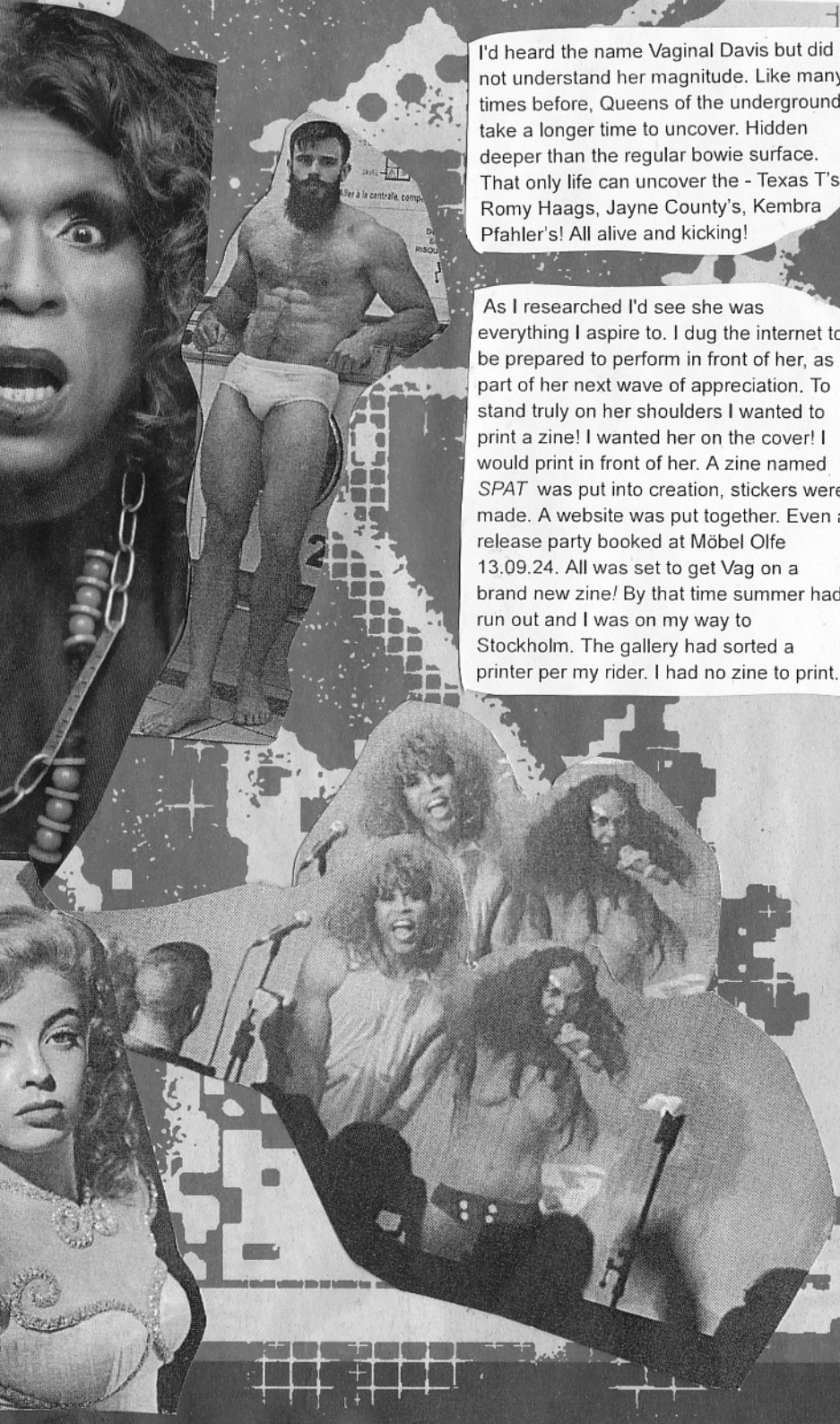
The exhibition magically holding so many years, was curated and assembled by long time friend Hendrik Folkerts. In one of those dream stories. That someone some day would run around collecting your work

to assemble it, into a magnificent product of all you had done. For your work to be archived and enjoyed once more. Alongside the huge collection of Davis art, each exhibition has had a series of programing around it. In Stockholm across several institutions. One of which I was invited to perform at. Tensta Kunsthall, an art gallery in the suburbs of Stockholm, 5 mins from where I once lived.

Miss Grannyauntiela Vag is on her next cycle of inspiring generations. The old old old punk rock lady has been around. So much so she comes in and out of fashion. Now at her established heights with her exhibition

A MAGNIFICENT PRODUCT (opening Oct 9th 25 MOMA PS1 - NYC) / FABELHAFTES PRODUKT (closing Sept 14th 25, Gropius Bau - Berlin) / MAGNIFIK PRODUKT (closed Oct 13th 25, Moderna Museet - Stockholm)

An exhibition where you get to glow in her outpouring. Feel her expansive creative collaborations. Mixed and varied not always face smashingly, sometimes slow, plentifully rough. You're invited into an artist who does not create to be sold. There is no coherent project expanded over time to make money. No repetitive style to capture a collector's intrigue. She is an art piece. A collaborator. A punk creating from joy and curiosity. We get to see a multitude of bands she's in, paintings on surfaces, romanticised photos, sketches, trash movies and her zines! All displayed in these established white cubes. Its beyond inspiring to see work accessible to anyone with a pen and scissors displayed in such grandeur. Her wit, humour and joyous spirit carries it throughout. The years hold up. To have Vaginal Davis in the museums is an inspiration.



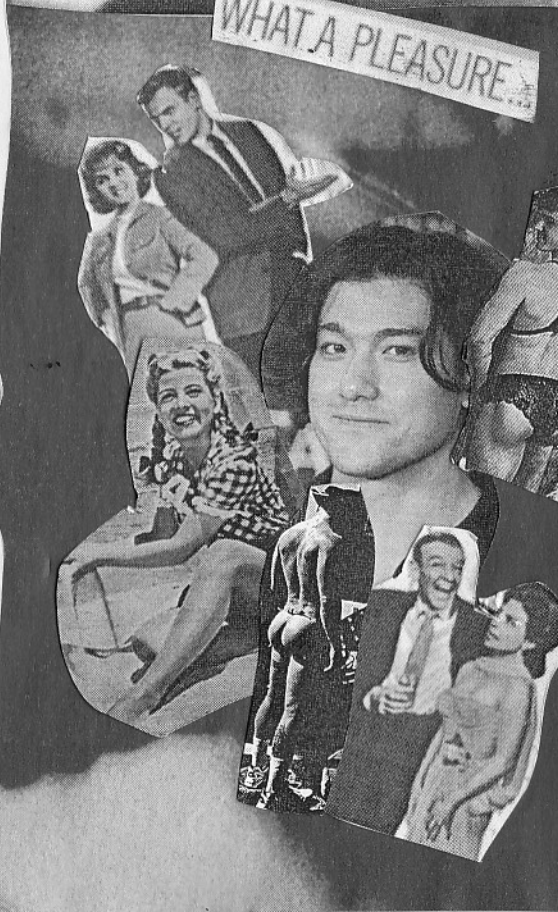
I'd heard the name Vaginal Davis but did not understand her magnitude. Like many times before, Queens of the underground take a longer time to uncover. Hidden deeper than the regular bowie surface. That only life can uncover the - Texas T's, Romy Haags, Jayne County's, Kembra Pfahler's! All alive and kicking!

As I researched I'd see she was everything I aspire to. I dug the internet to be prepared to perform in front of her, as part of her next wave of appreciation. To stand truly on her shoulders I wanted to print a zine! I wanted her on the cover! I would print in front of her. A zine named *SPAT* was put into creation, stickers were made. A website was put together. Even a release party booked at Möbel Olfe 13.09.24. All was set to get Vag on a brand new zine! By that time summer had run out and I was on my way to Stockholm. The gallery had sorted a printer per my rider. I had no zine to print.

After a long day of panels & shows under the title Vaginal Davis University for Damaged and Gifted. Notably with Ron Athey performing a new piece. With the audience receiving a degree at the end of the day from Miss Davis. I performed a solo show of sorts invited in by B.L.O.W. Vaginal sat eagerly at the back. Grabbing the mic I questioned if Vaginal Davis was

still alive from the looks of her website she passed in the nineties. She would howl and scream when I hit a good note.

A sporadic display of my ode to punk rock drag queens. Kissing the stolen Vaginal Davis book with my lipsticked ass hole. Lighting myself harshly with an overhead projector I had requested. Playing records and synthesisers alongside my staple of stripping and singing. Including the use of the photocopier to print my ass. Photocopies to be stuck on Tensta Kunsthall's walls by Hendrik among others. Climbing the bar to pour the placed water all over myself. I had my performative riot. Vaginal beamed at me, as I sprint to her mid performance to sign my book, she writes "you are genius! Genius! Genius, young and perfect!". A zine was not needed. I'd been given the great hand of the underground pat on my back.



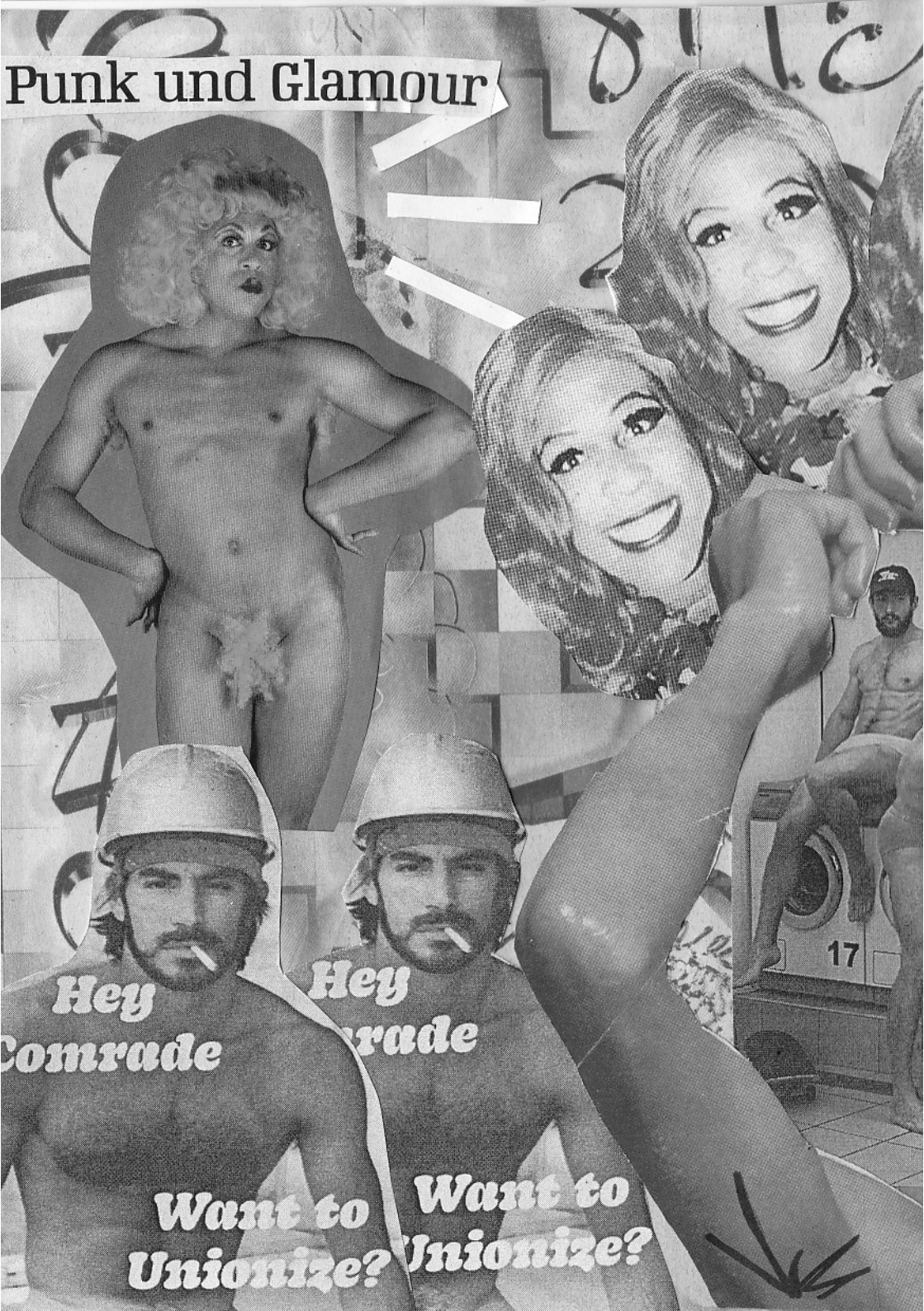
Post show I write to her Instagram page, with the answer she does not use it but here is her email. Since, Vaginal has been a quick responding emailer. Always accompanied by a selection of photos collaged around this writing. I have the good pleasure of laughing with her at her openings, book signings. I even get to claim her as my drag omar as she gushes over the sold out SHEENA IS show at Shokoladen.

It took exactly one year for Miss Vagalina to be on the cover of *SPAT MAG* now with a fully submitted interior. I requested we do a photoshoot or interview at the height of rehearsal for her finnsage, and preparations to take her exhibition to New York. She offers a blurred photo to put on the cover. I stretch my luck to see if Matt Lambert, a long time friend of Vag, has got any spare photos ready to print. He digs out the first ever cover of *SPAT MAG*, fisting open another wave of underground.

This time when summer ran out we smashed together the first ever issue of this zine! Thank you Vaginal Davis for the broad shoulders to stand on. I write this the day before I shall rush to print and sell this at her Fabelhaftes Produkt on CHEAP performance 9/11 at Gropius Bau, and try to stuff her bags to take a bunch to New York. May we be so lucky to be alive with legends who have paved the way. May it be so clear what we must do to create lasting culture. Connections that foster creative output to fill museums. With hundreds of students and collaborators she is an example of how to be creative. In connection with others, to create work not to be sold, to be varied and expansive, to punk from joy and curiosity, with wit, humour and grandiosity. May her face start the wave of *SPAT* cover stars.

Kissyz BLEACH x

Photographed by Matt Lambert


Punk und Glamour
Hey
Comrade
Hey
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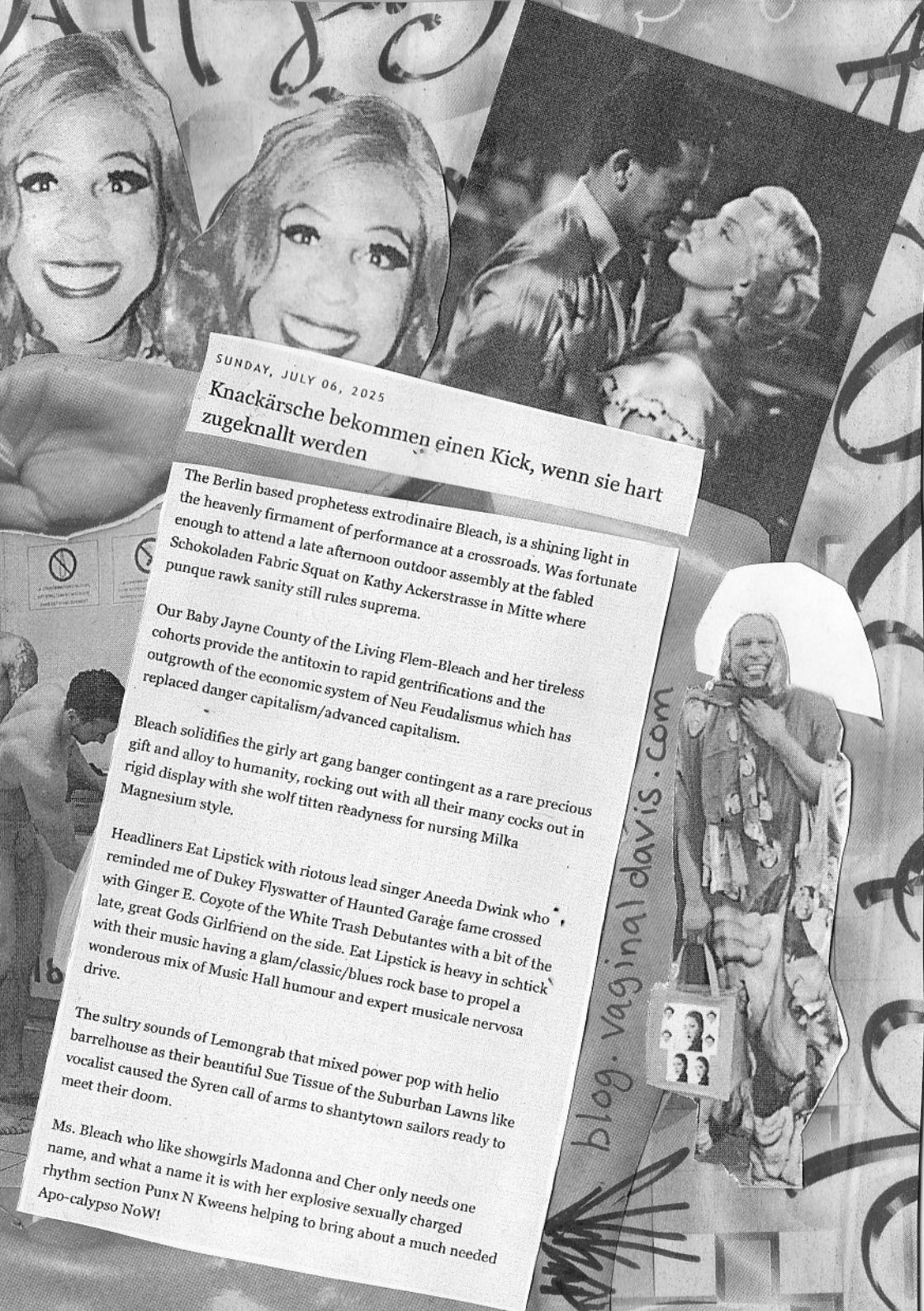
Want to
Unionize?
Want to
Unionize?
17



SUNDAY, JULY 06, 2025

Knackärsche bekommen einen Kick, wenn sie hart zugeknallt werden

The Berlin based prophetess extrodinaire Bleach, is a shining light in the heavenly firmament of performance at a crossroads. Was fortunate enough to attend a late afternoon outdoor assembly at the fabled Schokoladen Fabric Squat on Kathy Ackerstrasse in Mitte where punque rawk sanity still rules suprema.

Our Baby Jayne County of the Living Flem-Bleach and her tireless cohorts provide the antitoxin to rapid gentrifications and the outgrowth of the economic system of Neu Feudalismus which has replaced danger capitalism/advanced capitalism.

Bleach solidifies the girly art gang banger contingent as a rare precious gift and alloy to humanity, rocking out with all their many cocks out in rigid display with she wolf titten readyness for nursing Milka Magnesium style.

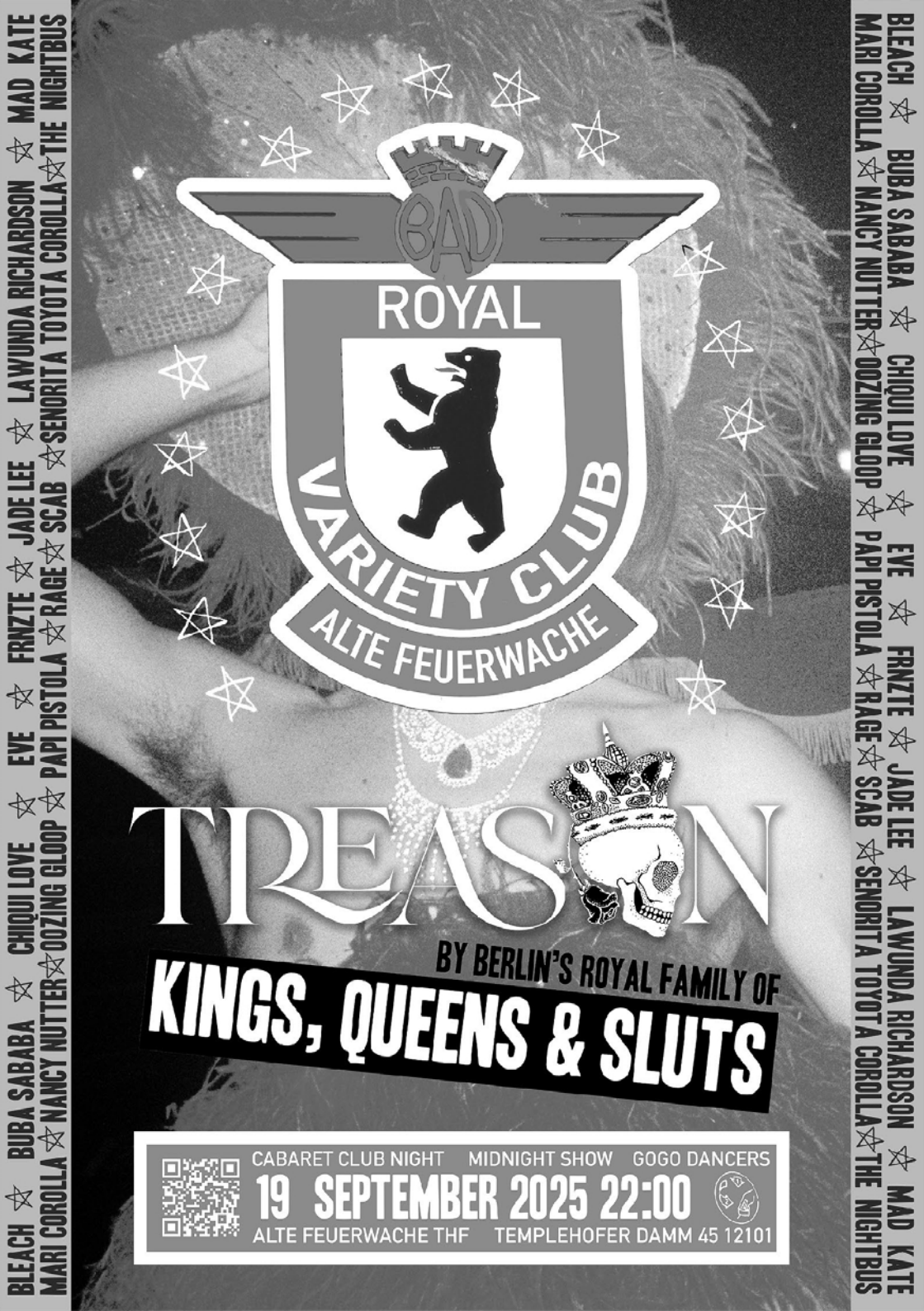
Headliners Eat Lipstick with riotous lead singer Aneeda Dwink who reminded me of Dukey Flyswatter of Haunted Garage fame crossed with Ginger E. Coyote of the White Trash Debutantes with a bit of the late, great Gods Girlfriend on the side. Eat Lipstick is heavy in schtick with their music having a glam/classic/blues rock base to propel a wonderous mix of Music Hall humour and expert musicale nervosa drive.

The sultry sounds of Lemongrab that mixed power pop with helio barrelhouse as their beautiful Sue Tissue of the Suburban Lawns like vocalist caused the Syren call of arms to shantytown sailors ready to meet their doom.

Ms. Bleach who like showgirls Madonna and Cher only needs one name, and what a name it is with her explosive sexually charged rhythm section Punx N Kweens helping to bring about a much needed Apo-calypso NoW!

blog.vaginaldavis.com

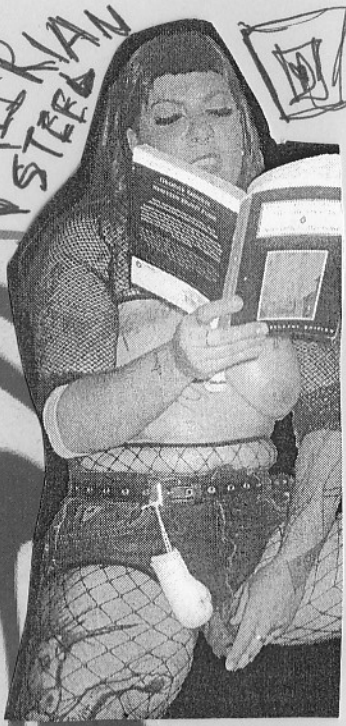
SCAB at TREASON (2025) by Auntie Debbie


BLEACH ☆ BUBA SABABA ☆ MARI COROLLA ☆ NANCY NUTTER ☆ OOZING GLOOP ☆ CHIQUI LOVE ☆ PAPI PISTOLA ☆ EVE ☆ RAGE ☆ FRNZTE ☆ SCAB ☆ JADE LEE ☆ SENORITA TOYOTA COROLLA ☆ LAWUNDA RICHARDSON ☆ THE NIGHTBUS ☆ MAD KATE
BAD
ROYAL
VARIETY CLUB
ALTE FEUERWACHE
TREASON
BY BERLIN'S ROYAL FAMILY OF
KINGS, QUEENS & SLUTS
CABARET CLUB NIGHT MIDNIGHT SHOW GOGO DANCERS
19 SEPTEMBER 2025 22:00
ALTE FEUERWACHE THF TEMPLEHOFER DAMM 45 12101

DRESS UP FOR TREASON

The days of harness wearing, awful underwear clubbing has gone on to long. The naked mad-max seriousness, paired with pumping techno, is getting tired. The straights have entered the party.

Parties that need drugs to be fun have run their course. Nightlife is changing drastically. With soberism on the rise. Everything costing so much. People choosing to where and when to spend their money. Should it really be going to the club selling coca cola? Or to artists, promoters, and DJs who are working their areses off to try and show u a good time.



Clubs are getting brighter, more colourful. Gogo Dancers. Performances between DJsets. Roaming club kids to make you laugh and talk to you neighbour bout what youve just seen. Its a clear switch from a smoke machine pumping, a DJ playing and a darkroom beside it. People what more for their money. They need more as the drugs and alcohol wear thin. The shitter the times, the greater the need for art. The art of dressing up and making a good time is in desperate need once more. How can we fight for life, if all we are fighting for is the next trip to the toilet.

DRAG CLUB NIGHT

The wave of joyous party is coming. Performative, not just on the lineup but how you engage in them. Prance to the bar, twirl on the dancefloor, laugh and moan in the darkroom. TREASON is on the crashing wave of just this. Party run, played, promoted by drag artists, cabaret stars and sluts. Come catch it before the world catches on. Come make it what we need a reason to live, a treason to the status quo. A good old time!

Chiqui Love at TREASON (2025) by Auntie Debbie

I don't know about you, but when I was a kid, they told me that because of a little lump of flesh inside my pants I was imbued with a particular essence which would define the rest of my life. I never really fancied that version of things much. We live in a world where most of us are led to believe that gender is essential, that we each have an intrinsic gender. In this version of reality, gender is fixed, binary, and is corresponds directly with the internality or externality of ones genitals. Here gender is something that we are born with. Even Lady Gaga would have us believe that we are all "born this way", that even trans and queer people are born with an essential gender which manifests their eventual identity.

And yet, I contain multitudes. I am evolving through time, dancing through life, a mutant, and a show off, and a freak, and a sister, a dad, and a queen. My gender is a precious thing that cannot be held nor savoured, it is an ephemeral phenomenon. I am a drag artist. I use drag to express the furthest reaches of my gender potentials, probing throughout my selves, playing with possibilities and manifesting realities. With drag I create performances, experiences, and interactions which enact my multitudes into the world, and which through their manifold beings prove that there is no essence to gender.

Gender is tangible, it is contextual, relational. If a drag queen does the splits in the middle of a forest and nobody is around to say "yass queen" did she even slay? Gender isn't real until it is. Until it is summoned into existence by beings being gendered with and by each other. Gender is not essential, but rather existential. It exists only when is is conjured into existence through the activity of being. As De Boudoir famously wrote "you are not born a woman, you become one". Well, she didn't write that, she wrote it in French, a language in which all objects are gendered, and the whole world is delegated a male or female gender. But a drawing of a pipe is not a pipe. And "pipe" is only a word anyway. And a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. And no matter what you call a baby, it will be nothing but potential until it grows into its truth of being.

DISRUPTION DISSENT

We are surely born with biological predispositions which enable or restrict the ways in which we are able to be in the world, our ability is often delimited by certain physical conditions. Nevertheless, that the social roles, behaviours, and relationships that one can engage with for their entire life is determined by whether they have innie or outie genitals is absurd. And yet, this is the way that most people understand the origin of their gender. They should behave a particular way because they are a man, and that they are a man because they have a penis. They should accept certain kinds of relationships because they are a woman, they are a woman because they have a vagina. It's borderline neurotic.

My intention with this book is to reflect on the journey I took to release myself from the shackles that were placed on me at birth. Listen, I know I'm young and I still have a lot to learn, and I know I didn't invent the wheel here. But I'm a drag artist, a vainglorious egomaniac with a pantheon of alter egos through which I have connected to my multiplicities and mapped out a three dimensional spectrum of gender which here I endeavour to share. Take it or leave it, I want gender to be understood as a mutable way to impact reality rather than a real fact of nature. I want to know gender is a tool, like a technology or a word, as a thing, used to express and to impact the world around us. And like how we can use words to make poems, we can make poetry of our gender through drag. And with this, along with others of like mind, the tool becomes a toy, and gender becomes a plaything.

Altering the drag through which we adorn and reveal ourselves empowers us to play with our gender and can produce poetic/artistic connotations which reshapes the world around us. In this flux of growth and change and play it is possible to play in many directions, to reveal our multiple selves, our various alter egos, our endless gender potentials. With this we can connect to the many parts of ourselves, to get to know ourselves and our desires. Further, we are able to connect with one another and with the world around us, to see ourselves as part of a group, a community, a culture. And by the power of multiple actors, acting out change, the change will come, and with it a world of our making.

Nancy Nutter

UNFUCK TUNT

Berlin's very own Tuntenhaus, a former gay squat is known for throwing it's legendary DIY Hoffest soli party and rose to glory last year when it was saved from being bought by an evil investor through an unparalleled campaign. Support was pouring in from all directions and the 2024 Hoffest didn't disappoint with a big party also giving space to solidarity with Palestine. However now things seem different, with a newly released statement on the @tuntenhausbleibt Instagram about the Hoffest. The genocide stays unmentioned and the "middle east conflict" only serves as a talking point about division in left and queer movements.

The sad story is that this is what you get when you pick up a fight with the anti-deutsch agenda: Our original Hoffest group was planning the party until May 2025 and consisted of queers from over ten countries, different continents, genders, and backgrounds. The group who is organising this year's Hoffest is a new team that secretly formed after a small group of residents utilized the house's unclear governance structures to push us out over their obsession with silencing Palestinian solidarity. At one point one resident even compared the Palestinian flag to a swastika flag. Ultimately our agency over picking showacts and decoration was to be replaced by a committee of six people with individual veto right and it was said that all the money must go to the residents to buy their individual shares of the housing.

This was the breaking point. The benefit in the end would go mostly to German people paying less rent and owning shares – while the people who do the labour have no say in this while being precarious queers, many of them immigrants and with low wage jobs. Not to mention that some residents even own inherited property already. The original Hoffest Orga then unanimously voted to discontinue the plannings. Alongside, we offered to raise up to 30.000 euro to take over shares for a common area and bring community, structure and program. This could've been taken off the shoulders of all residents. Even now this offer still stands. Instead of being picked up on that, we were told to receive an official statement – which never came. Instead communication ceased entirely.

TENHAUS

Only a groundbreaking process to dismantle racism, fake-anti-antisemitism and unjust governance structures can give way to space for disagreement, difference, and de-centering germans.

How can Tuntenhaus be considered a queer safer space when:

1. power is hoarded by a few residents in critical moments, who bend it only to their selfish needs;
2. dialogue is refused under the mantle of avoiding conflict and diversity is repressed for the sake of purity;
3. attempts to heal the house community are undermined by secrecy and absence of accountability?

PITALISMUS

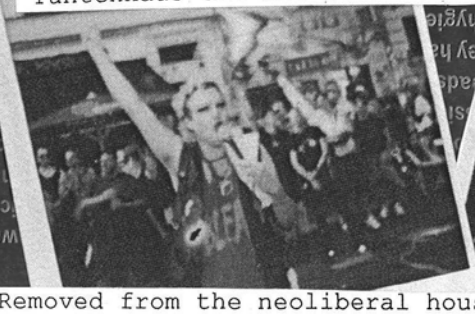
It is crucial to note that people of different backgrounds and opinions live in Tuntenhaus. Many of them stand for the open hearted Tuntenhaus we learned to love. There, tiny utopian dreams are realised when food and art are plenty, gardens wake from the rubble, a person gets their visa and Barbie dolls are hanging out in the darkroom. To care for truly queer places in Berlin means to see and support the progressive people of the house in their actions, so they can continue to further the change we all need.

So let's Unfuck Tuntenhaus together! In all leftist spaces in Berlin demand and build international coalitions, horizontally governed by the community! Lay waste to white people's veto power and the anti-/ultra-deutsch agenda. Break the propaganda delusion enabling Israel's genocide against the Palestinian people in Gaza and the West Bank. Tuntenhaus is one of the last autonomous spaces that has potential for queer freedom and safety and must be fought over!

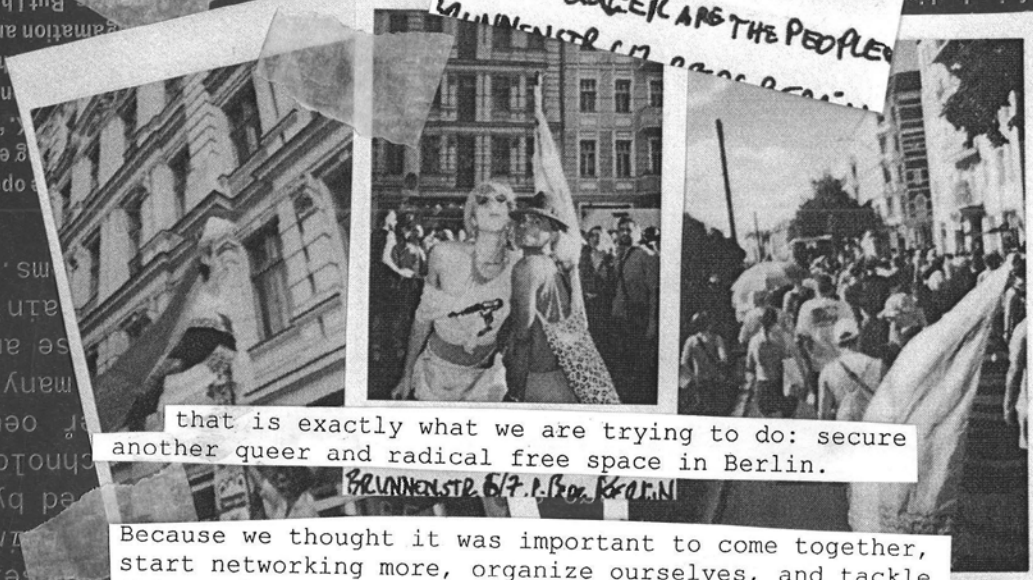
Text put together by one person with input of original Hoffest Orga team - BO

TnT SPEECH @ QUEER THE PEOPLE DEMO

We are standing here together in front of Tuntenhaus, or more precisely, Berlin's third Tuntenhaus. It emerged from two previous squats in the late 1980s and early 1990s. Through an act of self-empowerment and occupying vacant spaces, queer people have ensured that the third Tuntenhaus can now exist forever!



Removed from the neoliberal housing market through a cooperative purchase of the property, affordable housing can be maintained here in a gentrified neighborhood, and a queer meeting place and free space can hopefully remain forever!



that is exactly what we are trying to do: secure another queer and radical free space in Berlin.

Because we thought it was important to come together, start networking more, organize ourselves, and tackle this whole mess that's happening around us, understand the problems, and offer alternatives!

TRAILERS4TRANNIES, or T4T for short, is a collective that was founded to raise funds for the legal costs of the queer trailer park Marzipahn and is also part of the user group of the queer radical trailer park.
T4T consists of trannies, queerdos, and migras

Through our work, we are developing the event space at the MARZIPAHN Wagenplatz. At the same time, we are trying to protect and preserve this threatened place and its community.

By legalizing our project, we are pursuing the preservation and safeguarding of a much-needed free space in eastern Berlin, more precisely in Marzahn.
As a community, we need non-commercial spaces, we want to establish safer spaces for BiPOC, we want art and culture by queers, we want to organize politically, we want to be utopian together; experimental and free from neoliberal exploitation!

Subculture needs non-commercial spaces, a vibrant city needs free spaces!

We have not been able to stop the sell-off of this city, but we must continue to watch as more projects, open spaces, residential buildings, and squares are cleared away.

Just last week, 200 cops were stationed at Rigaer Straße 94 and apparently another 500 were there to protect those who commissioned the eviction, because the supposed "owner" Leonid Medved has wanted to have the building cleared for many years.

Aug. '25 QUEER ARE THE PEOPLE OF TIONSKIRCHE, P-BERG, BERLIN

WHAT IS GOING ON, BERLIN DISTRICT COURT?
WHAT IS GOING ON, POLICE STATE?
LEAVE THE HOUSES TO THOSE WHO LIVE IN THEM!

We, the Wagenplatz Marzipahn and the T4T collective, stand in solidarity with R94 and remind everyone again:
every eviction has its price! Get organized, show solidarity, and look out for each other!

our free spaces are not only subject to state repression under neoliberal urban policy, but queer spaces and individuals in particular are increasingly the target of attacks by neo-fascist groups.
The attacks on Tipsy Bear make clear that the rise of the extreme right is an imminent danger to our queer existences!

This makes it increasingly clear: we need anti-fascist self-defense – not state repression. We also believe that the police do not protect queer spaces; they are part of the problem: racist, violent, and structurally repressive.

Our safety can only come from a self-organized and networked community, not from uniforms!
We condemn the fascist Netanyahu regime, who are responsible for the genocide in the Gaza Strip, and call for worldwide solidarity!

We demand that the arms industry convert its properties

into Wagenplätze. We are fed up with weapons being manufactured in our distant neighborhood that kill innocent people! WAR STARTS HERE!

We are fed up with the AFD, we are fed up with the young fascists in Marzahn and Hohenschönhausen who threaten us, attack us, and try to prevent us from living our lives!
AGAINST ALL FASCISM – SIAMO TUTTI ANTIFASCISTI!

Aug.'25 QUEER ARE THE PEOPL
BRUNNENSTR. 6/7, P. BÄRE, BE

Aug.'25 QUEER ARE THE PEOPLE ♡
BRUNNENSTR. 6/7, P. BÄRE BERLIN

But if that's not enough, CDU Minister of the Interior Alexander Dobrindt now also wants to introduce a so-called pink list, that will register the names of those who have used the Self-Determination Act to change their gender and name.

Aug. '25 QUEER ARE THE PEOPLE BRUNNENSTR. 1/2

photos by Gustavo Brant de Carvalho

This is a transphobic and queerphobic plan by the current CDU government, in addition to all the other crap they have planned. Its giving 1933s - WTF?!

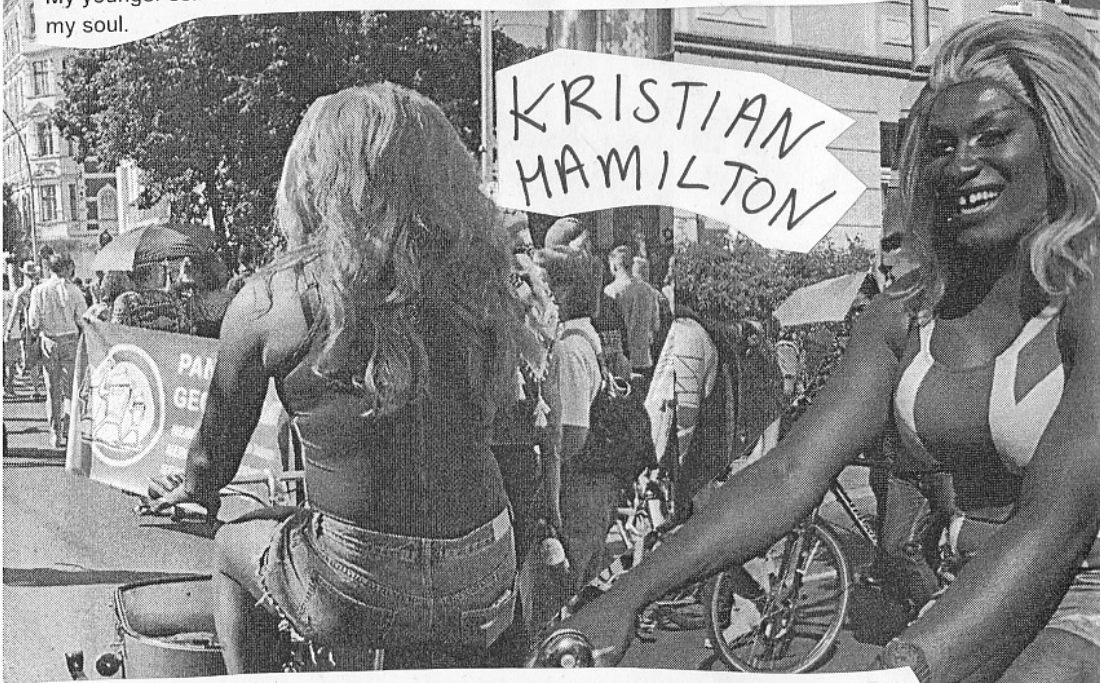
We are forced to watch as genocide takes place right next to us, comrades are torn from their sleep at 6 a.m. by police with power tools, Wagenplätze and squats are cleared, dreams are shattered and livelihoods are threatened. We are scared and we do not have an easy solution to all of this... But one thing is clear: we need more queer spaces where we can meet, where we can organize, where we feel safe enough to take a breath and find peace.

That's exactly what we want to achieve at Marzipahn, but we need your help to do so. Support us here at the demonstration, come and talk to us, donate money and other important resources, let's organize together so we don't lose another free space.

With this in mind, thank you Tuntenhaus, Brunnestraße, Typsie Bear Bar, Volxbühne, and everyone else who is organizing this demonstration and taking part in it.

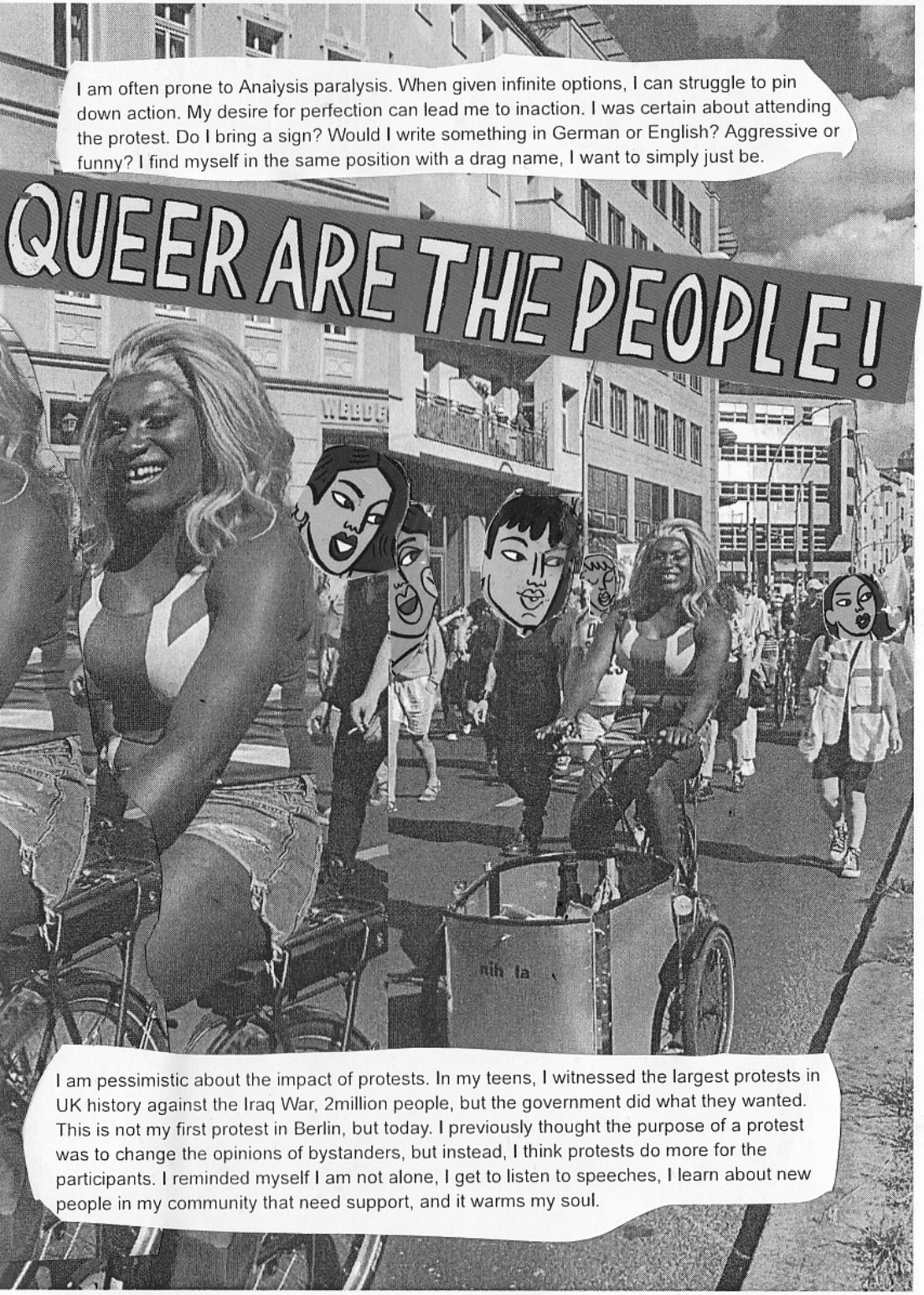
GET ORGANISED AND GET SQUATTING!
CONVERT THE ARMS INDUSTRY INTO TRAILERPARKS4TRANNIES!

Sunday 31st August 2025, it's 12:30, and the midday sun is reminding us that summer is not over yet; it's hot. This is the kinda hot day that drag performers fear; my makeup is going to melt off my face as soon as I step outside my home. I took the train with my electric cargo bike. Given I live 10km away from the protest start point, I would like to conserve the bike's battery. I rarely travel on public transport in drag makeup, but the very purpose of the protest is asking for queer people to feel and be safer in the city of Berlin, so it's fitting. It is the middle of the day on a Sunday. I feel uncomfortable with the stares of the public, so I decided it was best to avoid eye contact with fellow passengers. I looked out the window and imagined what my younger self would have thought of the sight of me, and it made me smile. My younger self would have been very impressed with my courage and legs. This warmed my soul.



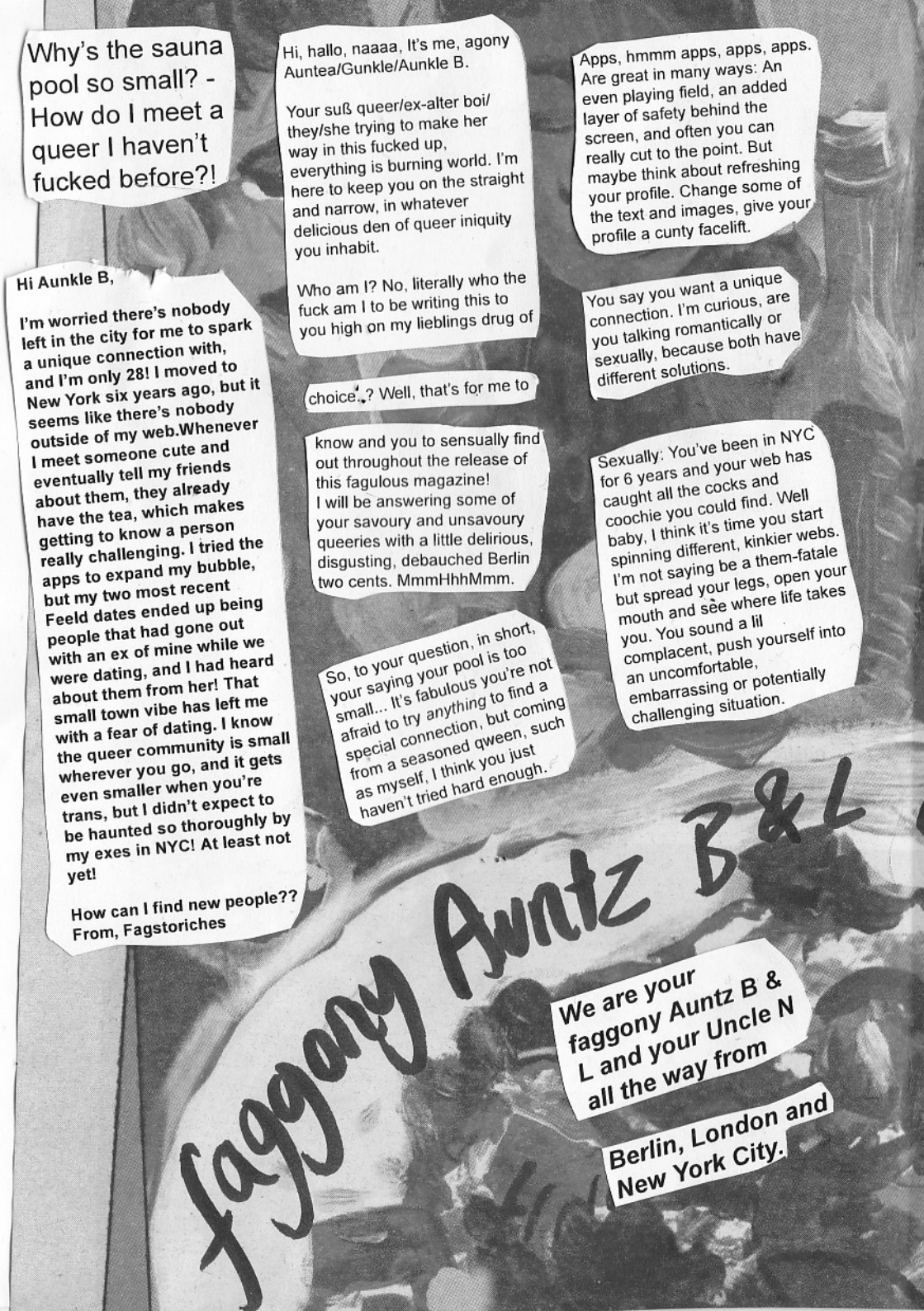
I really like being part of the queer community. I am proud of the friends I have made; it's such a luxury to be able to go to a queer event in Berlin and be greeted by familiar faces. This is something I don't take for granted, as much of life in Berlin can feel isolating, given that I am a migrant. I like to give back to the people who have made me feel so welcome in this city. Today I am carrying snacks and drinks for the volunteer marshals.

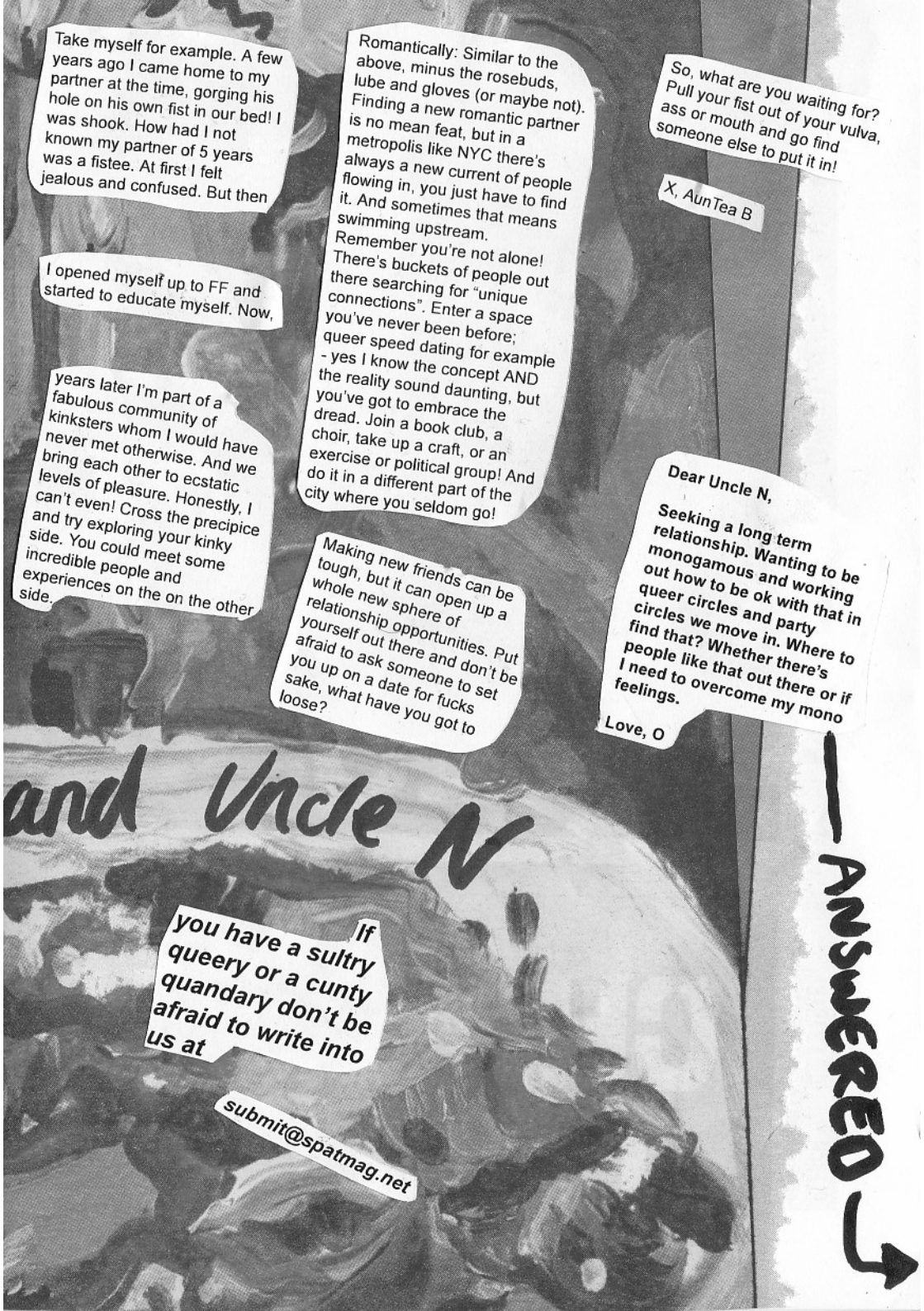
Normally I perform stand-up comedy in Drag. Drag feels to me inherently political, daring to be bold, and daring to be seen is a political act when the world would much rather you blend in and conform. I have been called too political and not political enough after stepping off the stage. Today, my protest will be subtle and not subtle at the same time. I am dressed as Geri Halliwell, with a ginger wig, blonde streaks, in a Union Jack leotard subverting her iconic look and a colonial flag. To be fair, I don't have an outfit appropriate for a protest. What should someone wear to a protest? Should normal clothes be sufficient? I decide Ronald McDonald, Sesame Street's Cookie Monster, and a BSR bin are not appropriate either, Geri Halliwell is the best I can do given my wardrobe of nonsense.



I am often prone to Analysis paralysis. When given infinite options, I can struggle to pin down action. My desire for perfection can lead me to inaction. I was certain about attending the protest. Do I bring a sign? Would I write something in German or English? Aggressive or funny? I find myself in the same position with a drag name, I want to simply just be.

I am pessimistic about the impact of protests. In my teens, I witnessed the largest protests in UK history against the Iraq War, 2million people, but the government did what they wanted. This is not my first protest in Berlin, but today. I previously thought the purpose of a protest was to change the opinions of bystanders, but instead, I think protests do more for the participants. I reminded myself I am not alone, I get to listen to speeches, I learn about new people in my community that need support, and it warms my soul.


Why's the sauna pool so small? - How do I meet a queer I haven't fucked before?!
Hi Aunkle B,
I'm worried there's nobody left in the city for me to spark a unique connection with, and I'm only 28! I moved to New York six years ago, but it seems like there's nobody outside of my web.Whenever I meet someone cute and eventually tell my friends about them, they already have the tea, which makes getting to know a person really challenging. I tried the apps to expand my bubble, but my two most recent Feeld dates ended up being people that had gone out with an ex of mine while we were dating, and I had heard about them from her! That small town vibe has left me with a fear of dating. I know the queer community is small wherever you go, and it gets even smaller when you're trans, but I didn't expect to be haunted so thoroughly by my exes in NYC! At least not yet!
How can I find new people??
From, Fagstoriches
Hi, hallo, naaaa, It's me, agony Auntea/Gunkle/Aunkle B.
Your suß queer/ex-alter boi/ they/she trying to make her way in this fucked up, everything is burning world. I'm here to keep you on the straight and narrow, in whatever delicious den of queer iniquity you inhabit.
Who am I? No, literally who the fuck am I to be writing this to you high on my lieblings drug of choice...? Well, that's for me to know and you to sensually find out throughout the release of this fagulous magazine!
I will be answering some of your savoury and unsavoury queeries with a little delirious, disgusting, debauched Berlin two cents. MmmHhhMmm.
So, to your question, in short, your saying your pool is too small... It's fabulous you're not afraid to try anything to find a special connection, but coming from a seasoned qween, such as myself, I think you just haven't tried hard enough.
Apps, hmmm apps, apps, apps. Are great in many ways: An even playing field, an added layer of safety behind the screen, and often you can really cut to the point. But maybe think about refreshing your profile. Change some of the text and images, give your profile a cunty facelift.
You say you want a unique connection. I'm curious, are you talking romantically or sexually, because both have different solutions.
Sexually: You've been in NYC for 6 years and your web has caught all the cocks and coochie you could find. Well baby, I think it's time you start spinning different, kinkier webs. I'm not saying be a them-fatale but spread your legs, open your mouth and see where life takes you. You sound a lil complacent, push yourself into an uncomfortable, embarrassing or potentially challenging situation.
faggony Auntz B&L
We are your faggony Auntz B & L and your Uncle N all the way from
Berlin, London and New York City.


Take myself for example. A few years ago I came home to my partner at the time, gorging his hole on his own fist in our bed! I was shook. How had I not known my partner of 5 years was a fistee. At first I felt jealous and confused. But then
I opened myself up to FF and started to educate myself. Now,
years later I'm part of a fabulous community of kinksters whom I would have never met otherwise. And we bring each other to ecstatic levels of pleasure. Honestly, I can't even! Cross the precipice and try exploring your kinky side. You could meet some incredible people and experiences on the on the other side.
Romantically: Similar to the above, minus the rosebuds, lube and gloves (or maybe not). Finding a new romantic partner is no mean feat, but in a metropolis like NYC there's always a new current of people flowing in, you just have to find it. And sometimes that means swimming upstream. Remember you're not alone! There's buckets of people out there searching for "unique connections". Enter a space you've never been before; queer speed dating for example - yes I know the concept AND the reality sound daunting, but you've got to embrace the dread. Join a book club, a choir, take up a craft, or an exercise or political group! And do it in a different part of the city where you seldom go!
Making new friends can be tough, but it can open up a whole new sphere of relationship opportunities. Put yourself out there and don't be afraid to ask someone to set you up on a date for fucks sake, what have you got to loose?
So, what are you waiting for? Pull your fist out of your vulva, ass or mouth and go find someone else to put it in!
X, AunTea B
Dear Uncle N,
Seeking a long term relationship. Wanting to be monogamous and working out how to be ok with that in queer circles and party circles we move in. Where to find that? Whether there's people like that out there or if I need to overcome my mono feelings.
Love, O
and Uncle N
If you have a sultry queery or a cunty quandary don't be afraid to write into us at
submit@spatmag.net
ANSWERED

'Mono' or 'Oh No'?

Hello, hello my dear,
You have come to the right uncle with this query, because this guy's monogamous and likes to go out on the town. To be fair, this transmasc butch is a reformed player, with the most egregious of times occurring during my dabbling in the polyamorous arts... but those are details for another note. What you need to know is that I hear you, we exist, and I believe there's hope for you!

To help me answer your question I polled the queers at two recent trans and lesbian parties here in New York. I asked attendees at random what their relationship to relationships were, and I got such a wide variety of definitions of what poly and monogamy meant to them! So I will ask you: what does monogamy look like to you? What do you want from it?

Monogamy is a bit more fluid than what society tells us. Currently my relationship is fully closed — standard monogamy stuff. Conceptually, I say that I want to practice what I call "gay monogamy" with my partner; a more sexually open relationship that allows us to, for example, have 3sums together, fuck together at play parties, and explore sex and kinks that one of us is

interested in, but the other might not be. However, and this may be toxic of me, I don't want her bottoming for anyone else. In turn, I will not bottom for anyone but her, and (since that is kinda an unfair trade off given that I am mostly a top) she determines which aspects of our sex she'd like to make off limits to others.

Aside from sex, partnership/s are also incredibly important social relationships. Some people believe that their monogamous partner has to be their "best friend," like the same things as them, and always be at their side. I do not feel this way. I know my girlfriend will not be able to socially satisfy me, and I don't want her to. No one person can. I have a robust network of friends, and like to go out in a variety of ways from meet ups, to clubs, to punk shows and beyond. My girlfriend and I will see live music together. She'll be my plus one to my best friend's wedding. She won't want to go to the 300 person fundraiser that is overstimulating across all 5 senses, and that's ok. I have people who would love to be at that function with me. I want my partner to be interested in my social life, but they don't need to be interwoven into it all.

To the question of "what do you want from [monogamy]," I add, what are your knowns about your future? You say you want a long term relationship, are you thinking a "potentially forever" one? When I'm dating to a point where it feels serious, in any capacity, I'm thinking about how I might want to build a

family with that person, because I know I want to have kids. I don't have a fixed vision that I'm trying to piece a person into, rather, I want to know what our enmeshment could look like

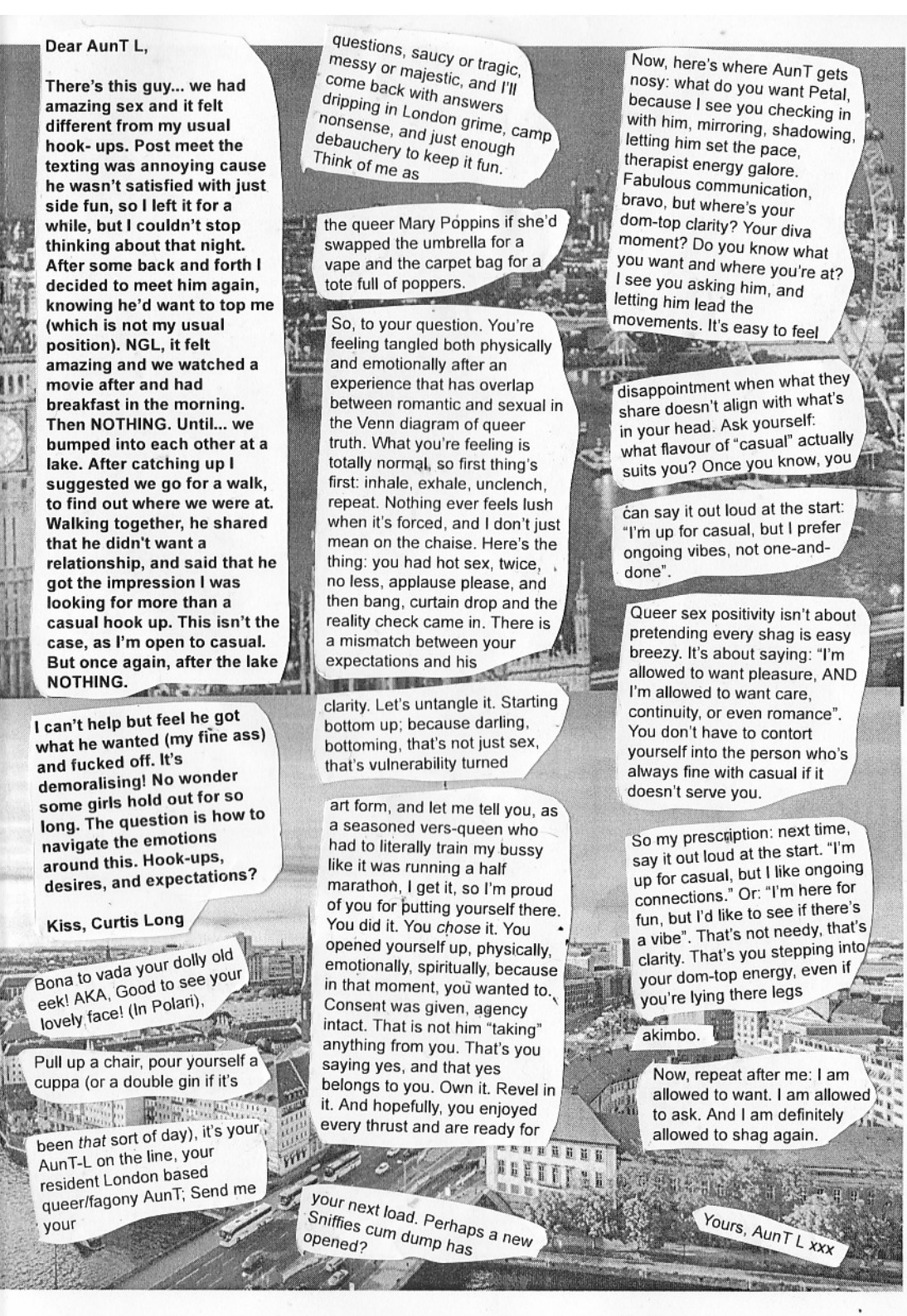
as I get to know them, and then decide from there. You may have different goals for your relationship, and it's worth knowing them before jumping into the dating pool.

Now that we've brought up the dating pool... to your question of where to find the monogamous cuties. I feel like you find monogamous babes by stating your intentions from the jump. You can meet them anywhere. You really never know who you're going to find and where. The apps are a questionable place, sure there are some which list relationship preference, but everyone I interviewed said to be wary of them. I know some people out there will try to come for me for saying this but many folks agreed; there are a lot of people out there who call themselves poly or monogamous, but when you dig deeper their definitions are flexible. We should believe people when they tell us things about themselves, but if you lead true to yourself, you might be surprised how many poly people out there are also monogamy-curious.

You ask if you "need to overcome [your] mono feelings." Are you doing that just because you feel social pressure? I asked people why they wanted monogamy or polyamory, and a few people approached the question with curiosity, saying that they just are, and that that's just how they operate. This could just be how you operate, and that's okay. Be honest, trust in yourself, and the cuties will find you. Don't force yourself into something you're not.

I hope this helps. Xoxo, Uncle N

To bottom or not to bottom. This is the question. AND WHEN?



Dear AunT L,

There's this guy... we had amazing sex and it felt different from my usual hook- ups. Post meet the texting was annoying cause he wasn't satisfied with just side fun, so I left it for a while, but I couldn't stop thinking about that night. After some back and forth I decided to meet him again, knowing he'd want to top me (which is not my usual position). NGL, it felt amazing and we watched a movie after and had breakfast in the morning. Then NOTHING. Until... we bumped into each other at a lake. After catching up I suggested we go for a walk, to find out where we were at. Walking together, he shared that he didn't want a relationship, and said that he got the impression I was looking for more than a casual hook up. This isn't the case, as I'm open to casual. But once again, after the lake NOTHING.

I can't help but feel he got what he wanted (my fine ass) and fucked off. It's demoralising! No wonder some girls hold out for so long. The question is how to navigate the emotions around this. Hook-ups, desires, and expectations?

Kiss, Curtis Long

Bona to vada your dolly old eek! AKA, Good to see your lovely face! (In Polari),

Pull up a chair, pour yourself a cuppa (or a double gin if it's

been *that* sort of day), it's your AunT-L on the line, your resident London based queer/fagony AunT; Send me your

questions, saucy or tragic, messy or majestic, and I'll come back with answers dripping in London grime, camp nonsense, and just enough debauchery to keep it fun. Think of me as

the queer Mary Poppins if she'd swapped the umbrella for a vape and the carpet bag for a tote full of poppers.

So, to your question. You're feeling tangled both physically and emotionally after an experience that has overlap between romantic and sexual in the Venn diagram of queer truth. What you're feeling is totally normal, so first thing's first: inhale, exhale, unclench, repeat. Nothing ever feels lush when it's forced, and I don't just mean on the chaise. Here's the thing: you had hot sex, twice, no less, applause please, and then bang, curtain drop and the reality check came in. There is a mismatch between your expectations and his

clarity. Let's untangle it. Starting bottom up; because darling, bottoming, that's not just sex, that's vulnerability turned

art form, and let me tell you, as a seasoned vers-queen who had to literally train my bussy like it was running a half marathon, I get it, so I'm proud of you for putting yourself there. You did it. You *chose* it. You opened yourself up, physically, emotionally, spiritually, because in that moment, you wanted to. Consent was given, agency intact. That is not him "taking" anything from you. That's you saying yes, and that yes belongs to you. Own it. Revel in it. And hopefully, you enjoyed every thrust and are ready for

your next load. Perhaps a new Sniffies cum dump has opened?

Now, here's where AunT gets nosy: what do you want Petal, because I see you checking in with him, mirroring, shadowing, letting him set the pace, therapist energy galore. Fabulous communication, bravo, but where's your dom-top clarity? Your diva moment? Do you know what you want and where you're at? I see you asking him, and letting him lead the movements. It's easy to feel

disappointment when what they share doesn't align with what's in your head. Ask yourself: what flavour of "casual" actually suits you? Once you know, you

can say it out loud at the start: "I'm up for casual, but I prefer ongoing vibes, not one-and-done".

Queer sex positivity isn't about pretending every shag is easy breezy. It's about saying: "I'm allowed to want pleasure, AND I'm allowed to want care, continuity, or even romance". You don't have to contort yourself into the person who's always fine with casual if it doesn't serve you.

So my prescription: next time, say it out loud at the start. "I'm up for casual, but I like ongoing connections." Or: "I'm here for fun, but I'd like to see if there's a vibe". That's not needy, that's clarity. That's you stepping into your dom-top energy, even if you're lying there legs

akimbo.

Now, repeat after me: I am allowed to want. I am allowed to ask. And I am definitely allowed to shag again.

Yours, AunT L xxx

Hi everyone, it's Tante Debbie.
Some of you may know me from Auntie Advice, or some of you may have had your eye poked out by a children's barrette flying off of my head at a PunX n KWeenZ show. Both can be a transformative experience.
Today, I'd like to talk about love.
My dear sweet and nasty queers, I know I don't have to tell you this, but we need chosen family. We need to be surrounded by unconditional love, and we need to give it. We need to share our gorgeous hearts.
For years we've heard the mantra "Love is love. Love is love. Love is love". It's a simple equation - our love is the same as heterosexual love, so grant us the right to get married and adopt babies. While I agree that queers should not be denied the same rights to divorce and play with shit filled diapers, I would urge us all to think bigger than heteronormative ideas of family and drop any expectations that assimilating into straight culture will be the key to our happiness.
Queer joy has so much more potential!
Just the other night, I was screaming my head off at a soli party as Papi Pistola and Lolita Va Voom were doing some kind of hot and sexy something up there on that stage, and it made my soul cum!
As Queen Bitch proclaims in "Captain Faggatron Saves the Universe", "Why be normal if you can be extraordinarily Fabulous?"*
Why limit our care to nuclear families, church and state? Why drive ourselves to nervous collapse trying to assimilate to patriarchal and nationalist projects that demand devotion with very little return? Patriarchy and nationalist projects do NOT love us back.
As you may know, I have a lot of opinions, and assimilation is no exception. But honestly, my brain feels like it's coated in vaseline sometimes. And maybe that's the problem - when we want things to move easily, we are often willing to disregard the health of our delicate parts.

Please don't do that. Let's embrace all of our sweet andunsavory bits! And if we find ourselves wearing variousdogmas as suits of armor, let's remember that our lovely skins needs to breathe! We've got this. I know we do! When we look into our hearts to find our own authentic values and align with them, we connect with the source of our dignity. Our hearts shine, and we radiate our true selves.

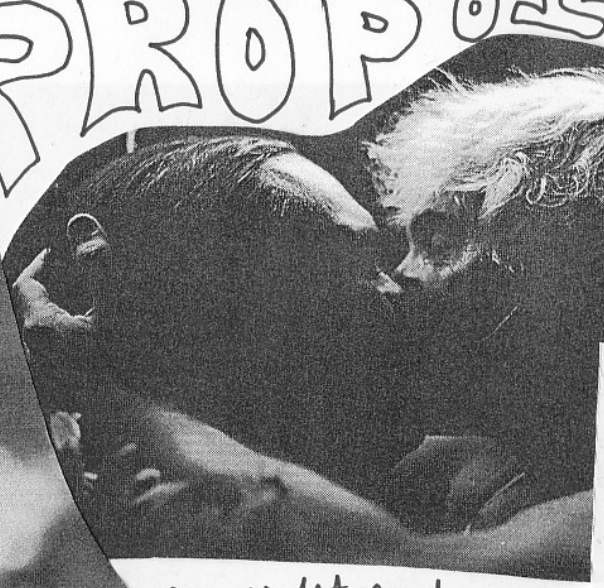
If you want to be truly loved, you have to love being truly you!!! I know that can be hard in a world that constantly bombards us with the idea that we are unworthy if we don't contort ourselves to fit other people's ideas about what is "normal" and "nice". That is noise, my dears. You are allowed to ignore it! We are queer, and we get to love and be loved queerly! I know it can be fucking hard sometimes. But we don't have to do this alone. Rules that limit how we bond are about treating people as property. We are sooooo not that! (Unless that's your kink, dear. Then you are sooooo that! - with consent, please)

Shower yourselves and the world with the tenderness and care we all deserve, you gorgeous, amazing queers! And if you're not sure where to begin, hit me up for a little Auntie Advice, and we'll get those balls rolling ;-)

There is always room for more love in this world,
Tante Debbie

*Captain Faggotron Saves the Universe" (2023, dir. Harvey Rabbit) is one of my camp favorites! No spoilers.
Just see this film!

PROPOSA



As night feel on the failing femmes Dolls summer wet and wild soli party. Lights where set at the arch. flowers collected and a ring made from a cable tye. The happy couple have know each other for ten years. Lovers, sisters mothers and best friends!

AT THE DOLLS

SOLI

photographed by
@ nila.in.Berlin
Nila Löber

9th August 2025

Eulogy to the Mudplains Outside Berghain

These no man's lands are getting rarer.
These barren places and their minor beauties.
A red bike entwined artfully in a fence
Overgrown with vines and flowers
Rippling in the sharp winds that blow here
Everywhere
Wherever there are no buildings. This is the natural state
of this flat swampland. Winds and wide skies and mud.

But you -
You need to conquer, reform, uproot.
You
Put up fences
And roll out lawns.

You can't see the beauty of things
    That aren't yours.

I wish you ill, I'll admit.
But much more, I wish you'd change.
Learn to admire these places as they are.
Their craggy shrubs and drunk punks playing guitars,
laughing at the club-kids as they wander out, blinking in
the light.
Watch the dew gather gently
On the debris of minor bad decisions:
A single shoe embedded in mud. A plastic bottle full of
cigarette butts. A crumpled shirt drowning in fresh grass
and flowers. A tiny drug baggy, empty.

I wish you saw the serenity of this ecosystem.
I wonder if

Javier Alejandro Cerrada (2024). *Bist du Brav? Calendar - August*

Javier Alejandro Cerrada (2024). *Bist du Brav? Calendar - July*

It's just a difference in frequency -
A mismatch of tempos -
That makes you want to flatten
Pave, lawn over.

But here
Is a different pace of living;
Inefficient.
Timeless.
I wish you could let it stand.

Let the weeds grow, fool.
Let the winds howl.
Behold:
    Desolation.
    Stark beauty.

Bard Wildly,
Summer 2020

GIEZA POKE:

I'm still Still Here

A DECADE IN DRAG

SO36

ORANIENSTR 190

OCTOBER 19TH

DOORS 8PM SHOW 9PM

GIEZAPOKE.COM/TICKETS

IMAGE ©RONI LUGASSI 2023

Berlin's irrepressible drag icon Gieza Poke marks 10 spectacular years on stage with a no-holds-barred retrospective at the legendary SO36 that no Berliner should miss. One night only. Ten years in the making. Unforgettable drag theatrical spectacular bursting with humour, innovation and queer joy.

Endlessly creative and always hilarious, Gieza brings fresh takes to her most iconic performances and pushes the boundaries of drag entertainment whilst sharing her journey from unhappy-architect man-in-a-wig to electrifying presence on the international stage.

Expect a riotous blend of parody anthems, live green-screen mayhem, radical self empowerment and sexual freedom. Extreme Drag Wrestling, contemporary dance, the unpredictable chaos of drag bingo and group ecstasy of queer karaoke - all stitched together with Gieza's razor-sharp wit and DIY spectacle. Perhaps the most accomplished host in all of Berlin, Gieza always keeps an audience laughing but is not afraid to access her vulnerability on stage.

Spicy City

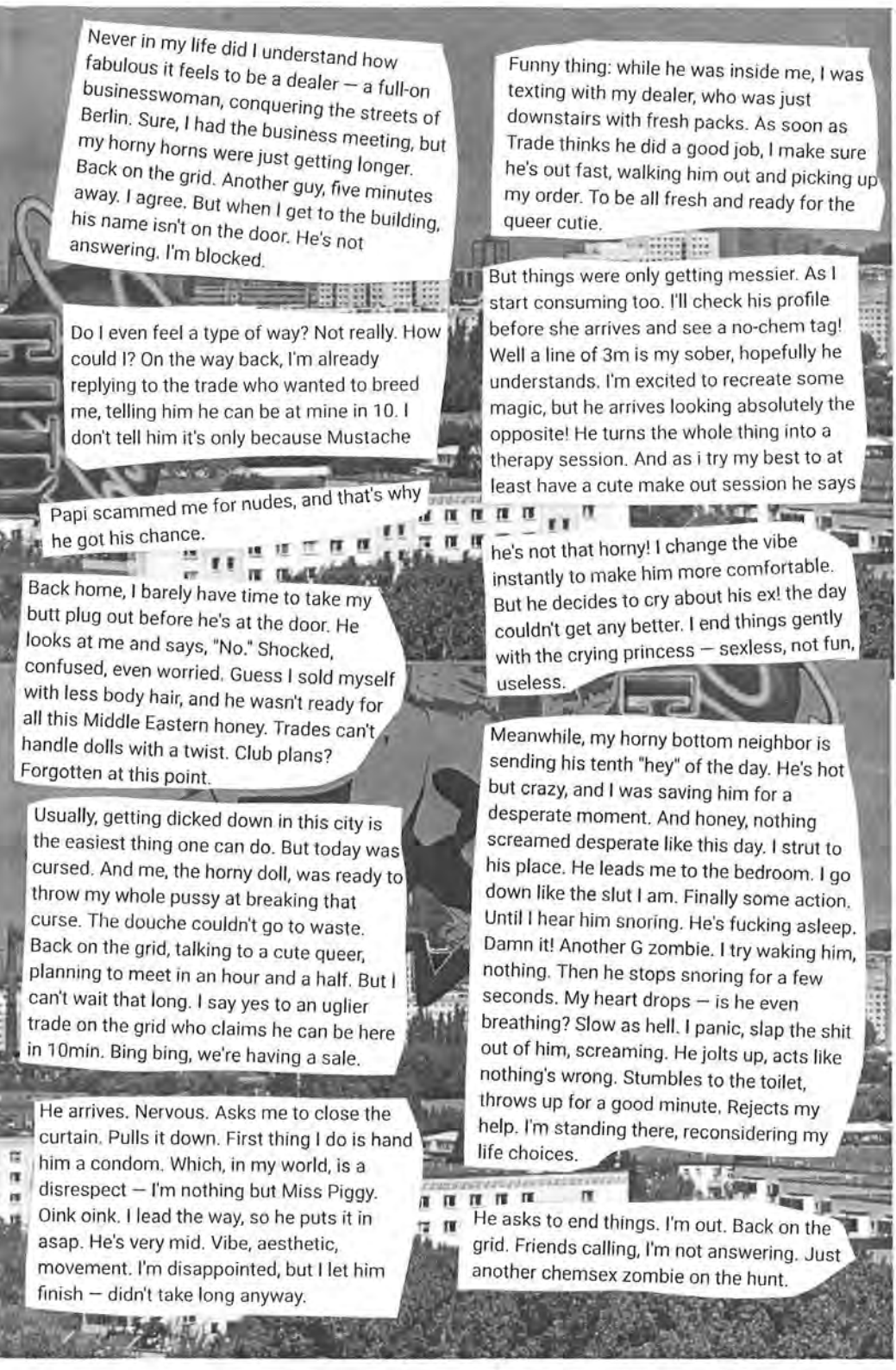
The spicy city has a lot to offer, but sex, drugs, and love are the main topics of my little bubble from hell. It's like some of us even try to find it all in one place: darkrooms. Or the online version, Grindr. I might be one of them — one of those hopeless romantics who dreams of life as a Rihanna We Found Love music video plot. Sundays in my hood are entitled to that. Queers, gays, and trades, most likely high from the night before, already filled with cum, piss, and sweat, refusing to go home, just pushing the limits even further.

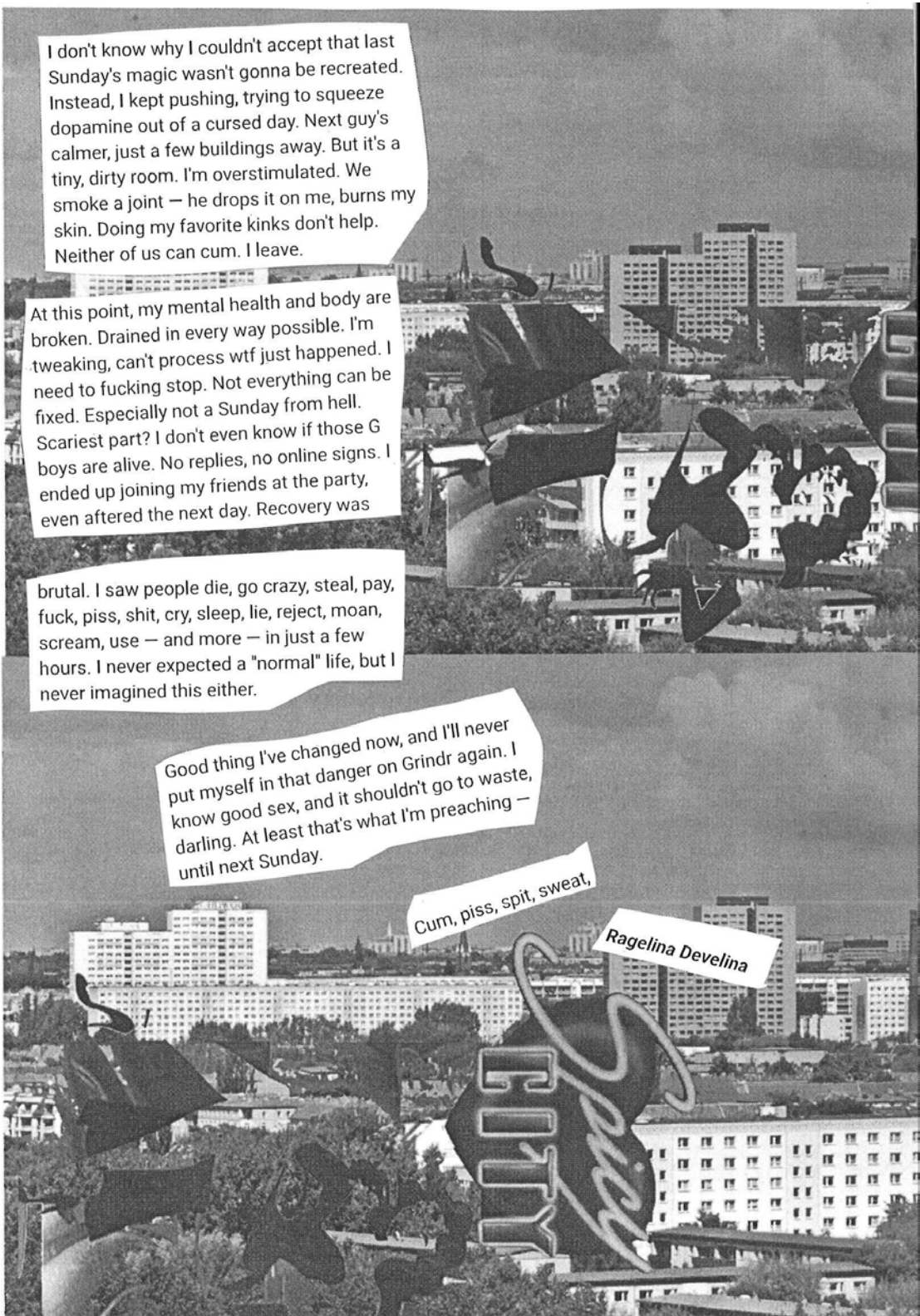
Just this last Sunday, on a sunny August morning, I woke up horny as fuck. To get it out of my system asap, I jumped on the Grindr grid. Last weekend I had the most delightful chemsex date with the hottest mami in town, and all I wanted was to recreate that, at least a little. It's important for you to know: I planned to start clubbing by noon. The rager was set with dear friends, and I'm usually committed to such promises. So in the morning, I enjoyed a delightful douching session till his Uber arrived.

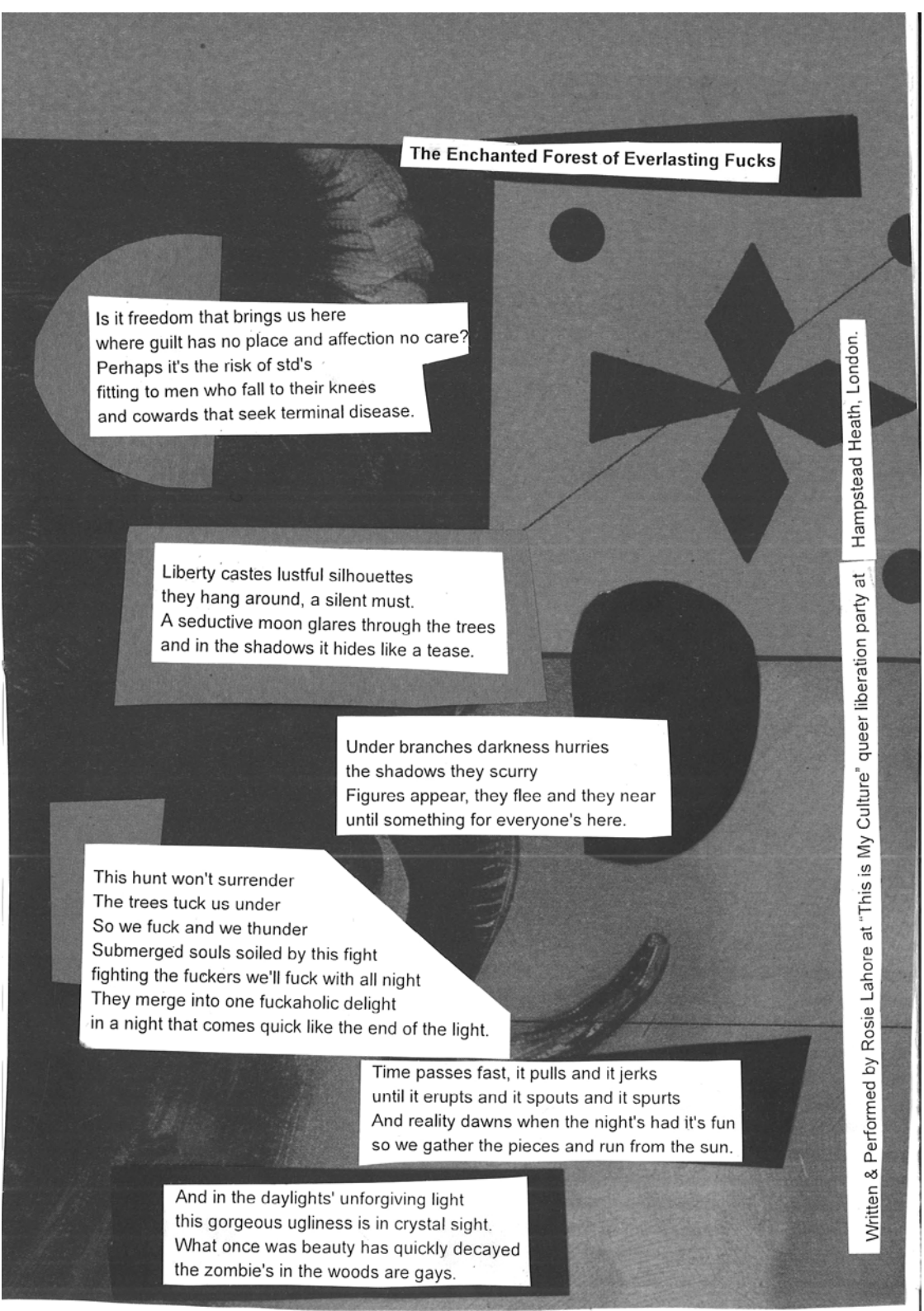
I opened the door not expecting anything, but what I saw was alarming. I didn't see any human behind those eyes — he's tweaking tf out, can't focus more than two seconds. I assume he's on G before he even steps in. But he jumps in, pulls my shorts down and starts eating me up. So I give him a chance? At the end of the day I just wanted to cum before hitting the club.

As I debated in my head, I didn't even notice he'd stopped and was wandering my room, asking for a line — which I'd already promised him. The only thing he need to have was a sip of water! So I drag him to the kitchen, try to calm him down. Obviously not working. He's back in my room, begging for a line. I'm overwhelmed, so I draw him the tiniest bump of speed. He snorts it, then he's back to fucking again.

My Grindr tag says versatile, but that means a lot of different things. One thing it does not mean is: I'm topping this man. But the stats are showing he's not topping me either. So when he asks me to put it in him, I accept. Little Miss I'm Late for the Club and You're Wasting My Time pushes her dick inside — only to regret it that exact second, because he's obviously not douched. By that point, nothing was in anyone's control. Especially not the crazy tweaky twunk. I tell him he needs to leave, explain it's only because he's too high and I can't manage. He refuses, tries to convince me he'll go after one more line. I get furious, tell him no — he doesn't need more drugs in his system. But he runs to my box, grabs at a baggie. I shout, try to kick him out. He screams, "Please, please! I'll pay! I'll pay!" Mind you, the baggies were running out and I was thinking about re-upping that day. So as we struggle, me dragging him out, I snap back: "How much?" He pulls 100€ from his pocket. My green eyes sparkle. I give him one baggie, he asks for the other — basically empty — and I charge another 50€. He's out of my place by the time I've got 150€ in my hand. Worst time ever, but at least I got some cash out of it.


Never in my life did I understand how fabulous it feels to be a dealer — a full-on businesswoman, conquering the streets of Berlin. Sure, I had the business meeting, but my horny horns were just getting longer. Back on the grid. Another guy, five minutes away. I agree. But when I get to the building, his name isn't on the door. He's not answering. I'm blocked.
Funny thing: while he was inside me, I was texting with my dealer, who was just downstairs with fresh packs. As soon as Trade thinks he did a good job, I make sure he's out fast, walking him out and picking up my order. To be all fresh and ready for the queer cutie.
Do I even feel a type of way? Not really. How could I? On the way back, I'm already replying to the trade who wanted to breed me, telling him he can be at mine in 10. I don't tell him it's only because Mustache
But things were only getting messier. As I start consuming too. I'll check his profile before she arrives and see a no-chem tag! Well a line of 3m is my sober, hopefully he understands. I'm excited to recreate some magic, but he arrives looking absolutely the opposite! He turns the whole thing into a therapy session. And as i try my best to at least have a cute make out session he says
Papi scammed me for nudes, and that's why he got his chance.
he's not that horny! I change the vibe instantly to make him more comfortable. But he decides to cry about his ex! the day couldn't get any better. I end things gently with the crying princess — sexless, not fun, useless.
Back home, I barely have time to take my butt plug out before he's at the door. He looks at me and says, "No." Shocked, confused, even worried. Guess I sold myself with less body hair, and he wasn't ready for all this Middle Eastern honey. Trades can't handle dolls with a twist. Club plans? Forgotten at this point.
Meanwhile, my horny bottom neighbor is sending his tenth "hey" of the day. He's hot but crazy, and I was saving him for a desperate moment. And honey, nothing screamed desperate like this day. I strut to his place. He leads me to the bedroom. I go down like the slut I am. Finally some action. Until I hear him snoring. He's fucking asleep. Damn it! Another G zombie. I try waking him, nothing. Then he stops snoring for a few seconds. My heart drops — is he even breathing? Slow as hell. I panic, slap the shit out of him, screaming. He jolts up, acts like nothing's wrong. Stumbles to the toilet, throws up for a good minute. Rejects my help. I'm standing there, reconsidering my life choices.
Usually, getting dicked down in this city is the easiest thing one can do. But today was cursed. And me, the horny doll, was ready to throw my whole pussy at breaking that curse. The douche couldn't go to waste. Back on the grid, talking to a cute queer, planning to meet in an hour and a half. But I can't wait that long. I say yes to an uglier trade on the grid who claims he can be here in 10min. Bing bing, we're having a sale.
He arrives. Nervous. Asks me to close the curtain. Pulls it down. First thing I do is hand him a condom. Which, in my world, is a disrespect — I'm nothing but Miss Piggy. Oink oink. I lead the way, so he puts it in asap. He's very mid. Vibe, aesthetic, movement. I'm disappointed, but I let him finish — didn't take long anyway.
He asks to end things. I'm out. Back on the grid. Friends calling, I'm not answering. Just another chemsex zombie on the hunt.


I don't know why I couldn't accept that last Sunday's magic wasn't gonna be recreated. Instead, I kept pushing, trying to squeeze dopamine out of a cursed day. Next guy's calmer, just a few buildings away. But it's a tiny, dirty room. I'm overstimulated. We smoke a joint — he drops it on me, burns my skin. Doing my favorite kinks don't help. Neither of us can cum. I leave.
At this point, my mental health and body are broken. Drained in every way possible. I'm tweaking, can't process wtf just happened. I need to fucking stop. Not everything can be fixed. Especially not a Sunday from hell. Scariest part? I don't even know if those G boys are alive. No replies, no online signs. I ended up joining my friends at the party, even aftered the next day. Recovery was
brutal. I saw people die, go crazy, steal, pay, fuck, piss, shit, cry, sleep, lie, reject, moan, scream, use — and more — in just a few hours. I never expected a "normal" life, but I never imagined this either.
Good thing I've changed now, and I'll never put myself in that danger on Grindr again. I know good sex, and it shouldn't go to waste, darling. At least that's what I'm preaching — until next Sunday.
Cum, piss, spit, sweat,
Ragelina Develina



The Enchanted Forest of Everlasting Fucks

Is it freedom that brings us here
where guilt has no place and affection no care?
Perhaps it's the risk of std's
fitting to men who fall to their knees
and cowards that seek terminal disease.

Liberty castes lustful silhouettes
they hang around, a silent must.
A seductive moon glares through the trees
and in the shadows it hides like a tease.

Under branches darkness hurries
the shadows they scurry
Figures appear, they flee and they near
until something for everyone's here.

This hunt won't surrender
The trees tuck us under
So we fuck and we thunder
Submerged souls soiled by this fight
fighting the fuckers we'll fuck with all night
They merge into one fuckaholic delight
in a night that comes quick like the end of the light.

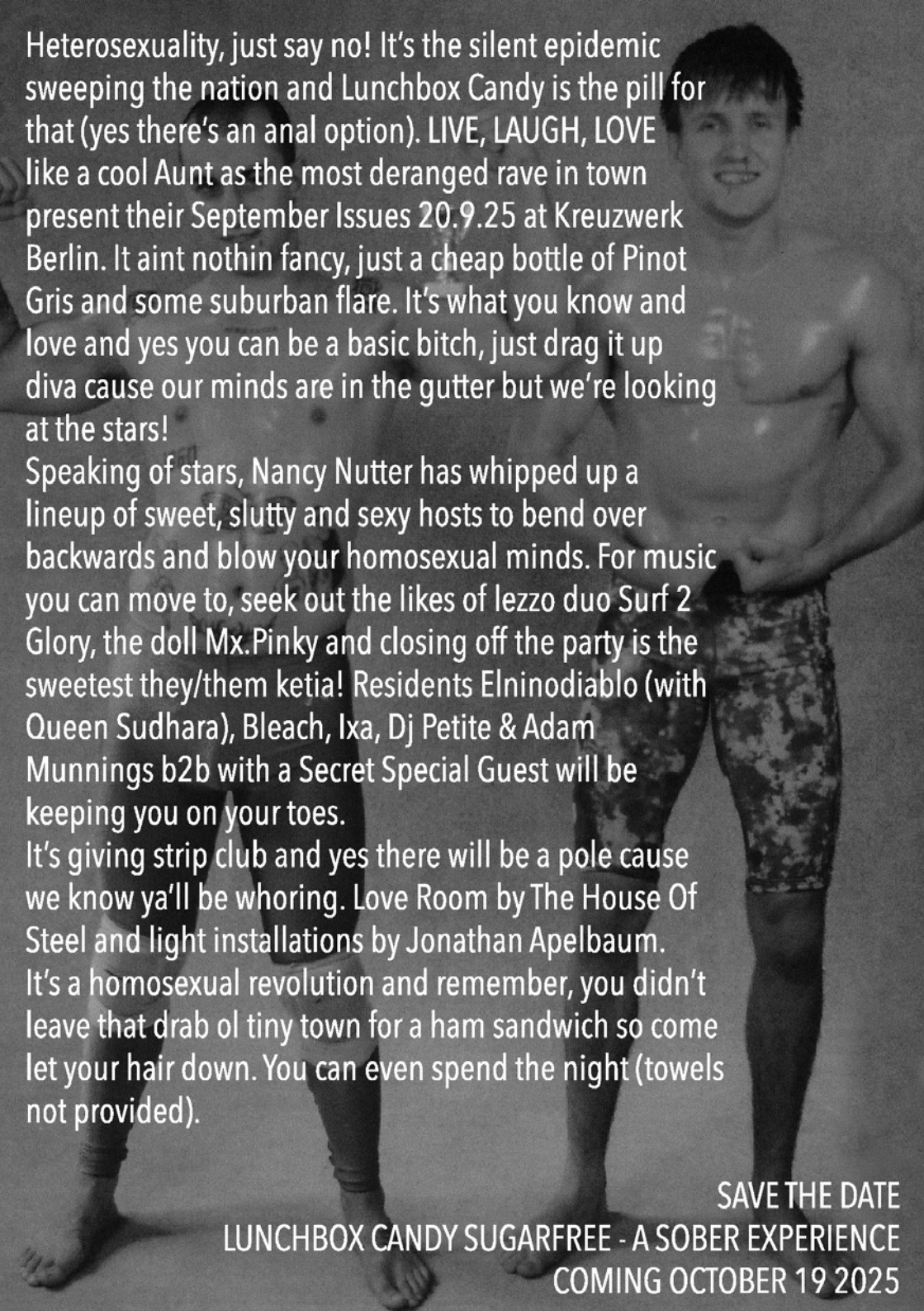
Time passes fast, it pulls and it jerks
until it erupts and it spouts and it spurts
And reality dawns when the night's had it's fun
so we gather the pieces and run from the sun.

And in the daylights' unforgiving light
this gorgeous ugliness is in crystal sight.
What once was beauty has quickly decayed
the zombie's in the woods are gays.

Written & Performed by Rosie Lahore at "This is My Culture" queer liberation party at Hampstead Heath, London.

LUNCHBOX CANDY™

20.09.2025 KREUZWERK BERLIN ❖ THE SEPTEMBER ISSUES ∞ 25 EURO ♡ DOORS 19PM ❖



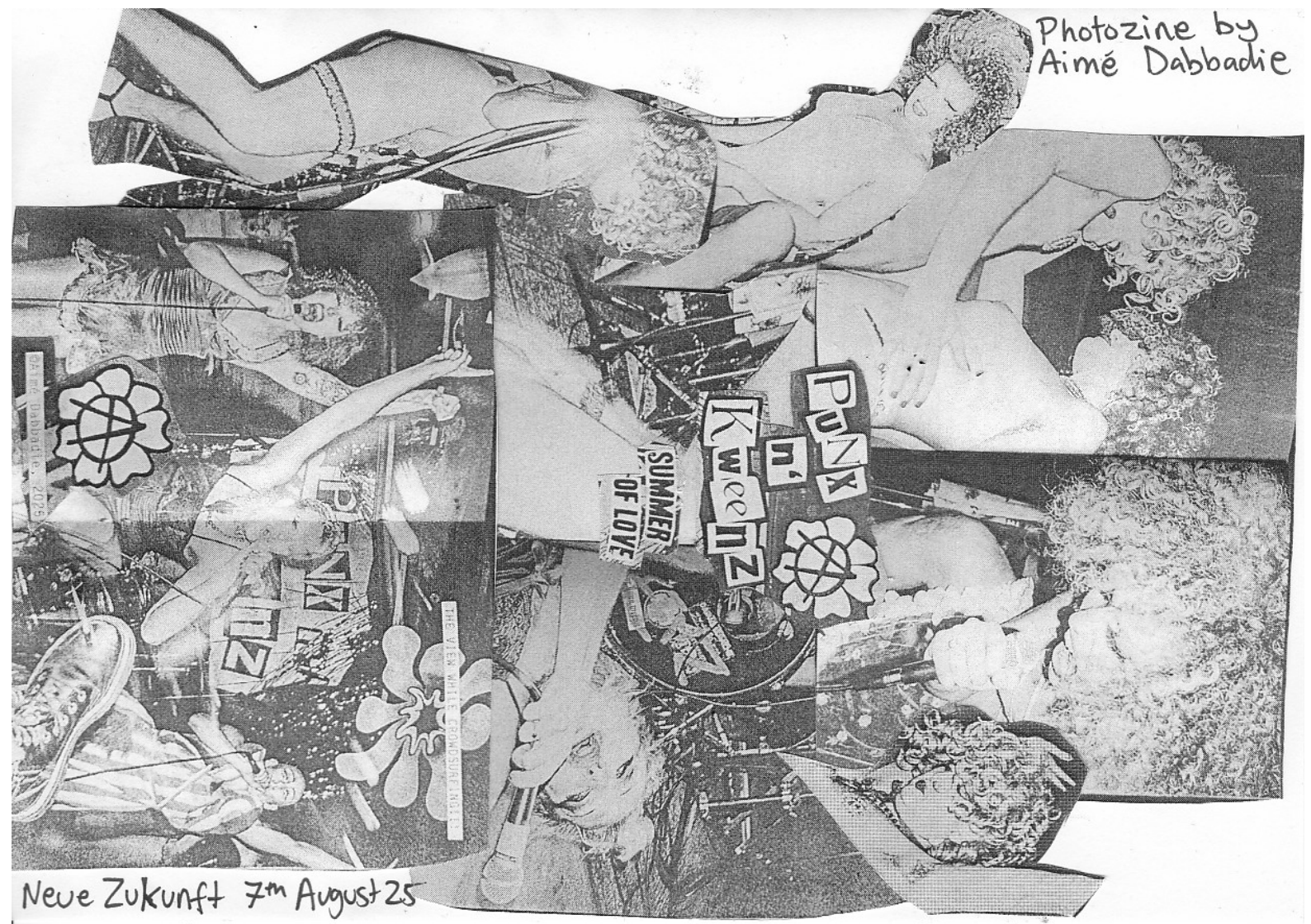
Heterosexuality, just say no! It's the silent epidemic sweeping the nation and Lunchbox Candy is the pill for that (yes there's an anal option). LIVE, LAUGH, LOVE like a cool Aunt as the most deranged rave in town present their September Issues 20.9.25 at Kreuzwerk Berlin. It aint nothin fancy, just a cheap bottle of Pinot Gris and some suburban flare. It's what you know and love and yes you can be a basic bitch, just drag it up diva cause our minds are in the gutter but we're looking at the stars!

Speaking of stars, Nancy Nutter has whipped up a lineup of sweet, slutty and sexy hosts to bend over backwards and blow your homosexual minds. For music you can move to, seek out the likes of lezzo duo Surf 2 Glory, the doll Mx.Pinky and closing off the party is the sweetest they/them ketia! Residents Elninodiablo (with Queen Sudhara), Bleach, Ixa, Dj Petite & Adam Munnings b2b with a Secret Special Guest will be keeping you on your toes.

It's giving strip club and yes there will be a pole cause we know ya'll be whoring. Love Room by The House Of Steel and light installations by Jonathan Apelbaum.

It's a homosexual revolution and remember, you didn't leave that drab ol tiny town for a ham sandwich so come let your hair down. You can even spend the night (towels not provided).

SAVE THE DATE
LUNCHBOX CANDY SUGARFREE - A SOBER EXPERIENCE
COMING OCTOBER 19 2025


Photozine by
Aimé Dabbadie
Punx n' Kweerz
SUMMER OF LOVE
Punx n' Kweerz
Neue Zukunft 7th August 25

ANITA DRINK

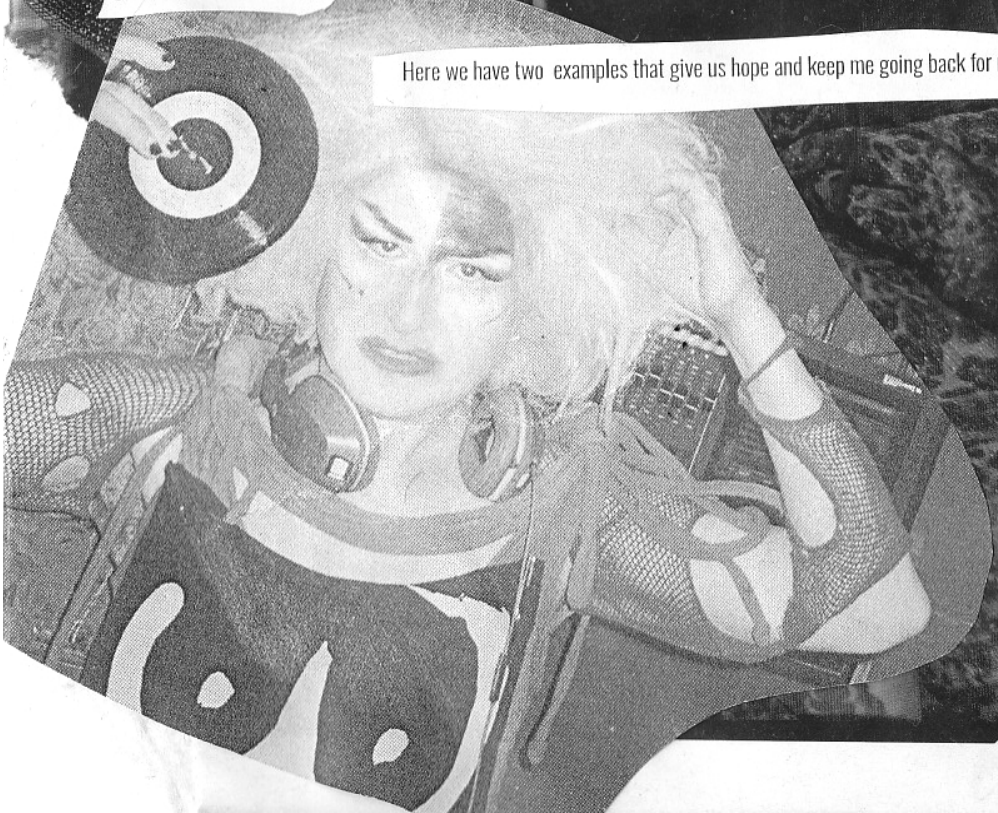
RECORD REVIEWS

Rain, Rain Go Away -Cum again another day !

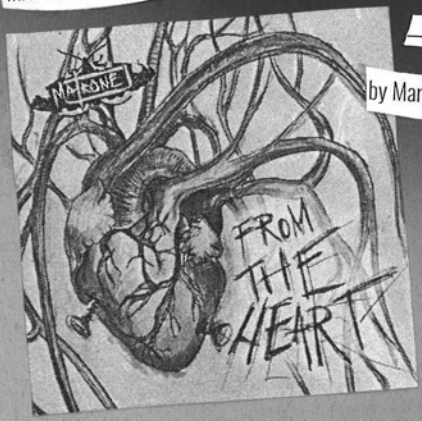
This summer in the city by the spree in 25' has been less than summery, however warm rays of light - are shining onto my turn table - those of the sonic variety.

Changing the forecast from Punk to Punk ! and more pUnK !!
Iv'e searched out some new vinyl treasure that keeps that spirit alive while warming that wet grey back into gold, Vinyl treasure that is.

Here we have two examples that give us hope and keep me going back for more!



MATRONE- FROM THE HEART



— 6 tracks on multi coloured vinyl featuring gorgeous liner notes and cover art by Marta with a 4 page insert complete with handwritten lyrics and poster worthy art.

Hamburg known for its musical history and lively night life amongst other harbor town lore is also home to Marta - on Vocals and Guitar and Ron Zen - Drums, Percussion & Samples

'From The Heart was written during those isolation pandemic days. This being the bands second release It raw edges give way to an urge to Do more! Hear more! Feel more! Love! More!

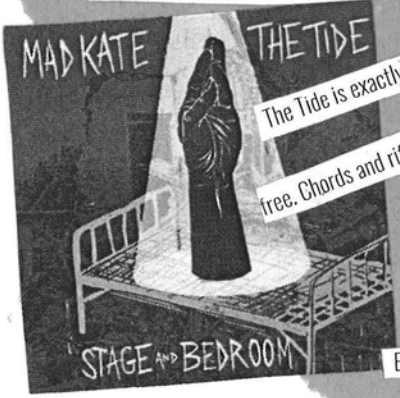
Brought into the present political cold light of our current time in history these songs dance in angst and prose and feel worthy of louder volume!! And as I write this I speak directly to the heart of the matter. So I turn it up.. Whoa ! yes in this case volume says it all!

MAD KATE THE TIDE –STAGE AND BEDROOM

In my DJ sets ive played their single 'Leather Jacket' from their second album and always want more from this band ...and Mama we gots it here!

Number three for these three Mad Kate on vocals , poetry, contact mics and performance, Jacopo Bertacco aka The Tide on guitar, loops and electronics and Sarah Neidorf on Drums.

Putting this new record and I already feel.. Instant classic! In my high heeled guts!



The Tide is exactly that, waves and tides of guitar layered and glistening with a shiny resolve held back yet free. Chords and riffs smattering everything in their wake like new waves on the beach of time..endless and deep.

Can sex politics lead to freedom?

This record forces questions and answers to the surface encased in ever present radar of prose power pop punk rants. Rolling into a feeling at times as if i'm squinting my third eye ..feels like im listening to Drag Christ Superstar- The Opera!!

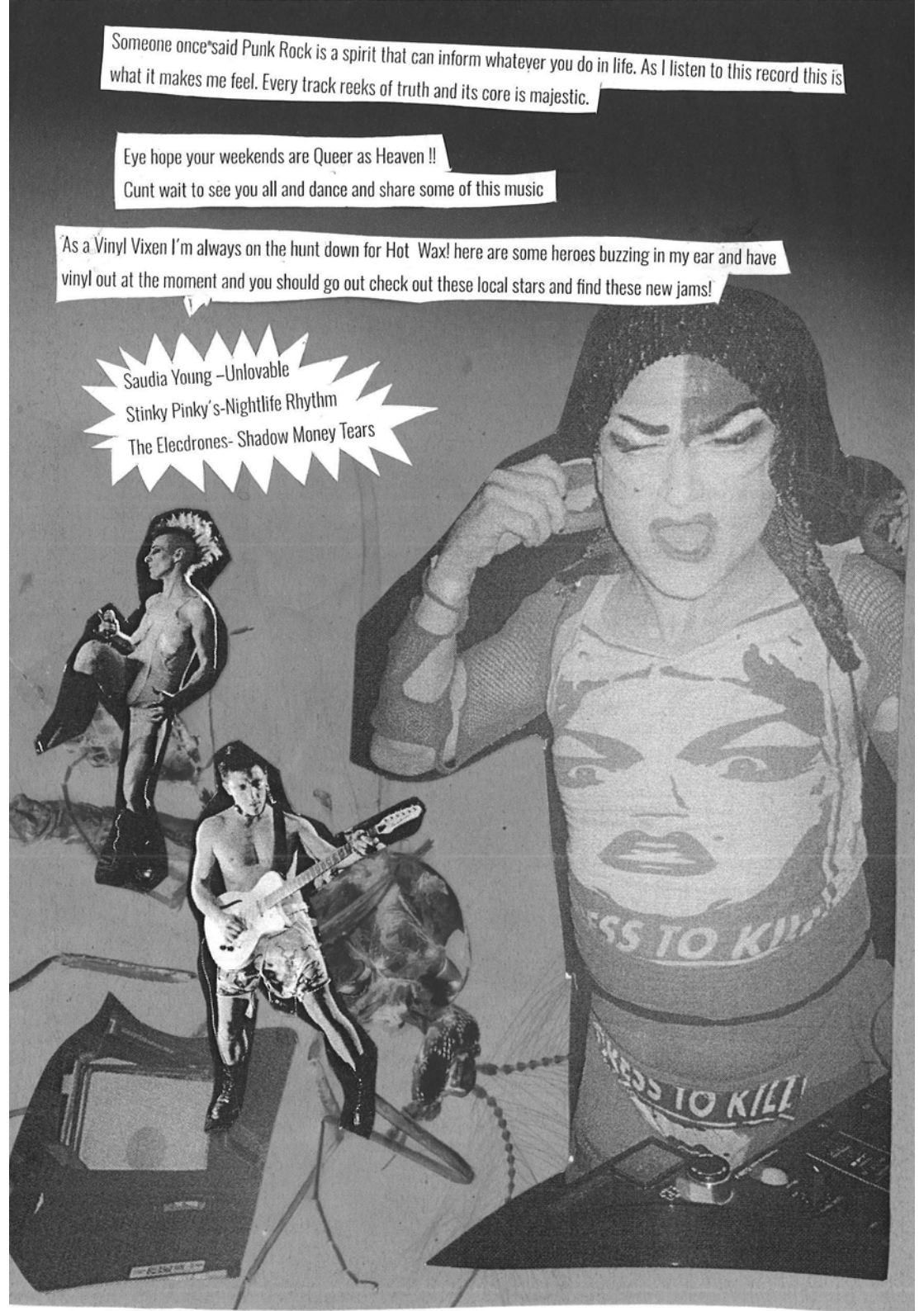
Bound like a jock strap on a Berlin street as soon as I hear it I know...yes it can and it IS "Heart Cunt Gut Punk" !

Someone once*said Punk Rock is a spirit that can inform whatever you do in life. As I listen to this record this is what it makes me feel. Every track reeks of truth and its core is majestic.

Eye hope your weekends are Queer as Heaven !!
Cunt wait to see you all and dance and share some of this music

As a Vinyl Vixen I'm always on the hunt down for Hot Wax! here are some heroes buzzing in my ear and have vinyl out at the moment and you should go out check out these local stars and find these new jams!

Saudia Young –Unlovable
Stinky Pinky's-Nightlife Rhythm
The Elecdrones- Shadow Money Tears



QUEER BERLIN PARTY MENU

THURSDAY 4.9
30 ⅓ RPM — ARKADA

FRIDAY 5.9
CUDDLES — ÆDEN
RIOT — LARK
CUNT CORE — ZUR KLAPPE

SATURDAY 6.9
WILD COMBINATION -FESTIVAL — TBA
QUATSCH — ZUR KLAPPE
SUCCULENT CITY 3 — CRACK BELLMER

SUNDAY 7.9
TENDERSESH — CRACK BELLMER

THURSDAY 18.9
AUNTIES GO WILD — MARMORBAR

FRIDAY 19.9
GARAGE GIRLS — OHM
TREASON — A-F-T

SATURDAY 20.9
LUNCHBOX CANDY — KREUZWERK
INTERZONE — TBA
LA NOCHE — OHM
THE WHORIENTAL BALL — GRETCHEN
FAG BAR — TBA

SUNDAY 21.9
PARTY DYKE'S HOE-DOWN — CRACK BELLMER

FRIDAY 12.9
GEGEN - ELEGANCE — KITKAT
IN THE MOUNTAINS — PANKE
OTHERS TO THE HOUSE OF GRACE — FITZROY

SATURDAY 13.9
BRENN. - 8 YEARS — OXI
SWEAT — ZUR KLAPPE
BAD DAD — CRACK BELLMER
10 JAHRE BUNDESVERBAND TRANS* — BUM

SUNDAY 14.9
TIPSY DISCO — OST
SIZZLE DISCO — CLÄRCHENS BALLHAUS

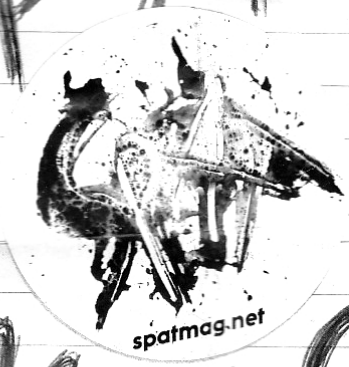
THURSDAY 25.9
HOUSE OF OTHERS — BULBUL
RAGE'N'BOUNCE — LARK

FRIDAY 26.9
POWER DANCE CLUB — KREUZWERK
QUEER NIGHT MARKET — HOLZMARKT
FAIRIES — ZUR KLAPPE

SATURDAY 27.9
HOE__MIES — OXI
SWIM X WUB — TBA

SUNDAY 28.9
DRIFT KYIV — OXI

SUBMIT TO SPAT MAG



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